ANC
Abbott and Costello
10¢
AUGUST
PETERS

TECHNICAL KAYO

The members of the Gas House Athletic Club had never seen a real boxing match. But all of them would have given up their most prized possessions in exchange for the chance to eye-witness even a non-championship bout.

But the chance never came to any of them until Tim Mulvany's rich Aunt died, leaving him a sizeable inheritance. Tim was a retired cop who acted as unofficial guardian angel for the younger boys who lived in the gas house district. Tim steered them out of mischief, found odd jobs for them and refereed their scraps.

Again and again Tim had told them: "There are rules for boxing, just like there are rules for every other game. Kicking, hitting below the belt and butting with your heads are against the rules. You've got to fight fair and clean, boys!"

Spike Smith, who had fought his way up the block to become undisputed leader of the gang, couldn't believe Tim's advice. "It wouldn't be real fightin' if all those things were barred, Tim! And if any guys kept those rules and fought with sixteen ounce gloves, it would be more sissified than a pillow fight!"

Tim Mulvany finally had to admit defeat. Instead of believing him, the boys went right on fighting in their rough and tumble fashion. By their own rules, the only tactics that were barred were throwing lumps of coal and kicking an opponent who was down.

On the day Tim came back east from his Aunt's funeral, he found a free-for-all battle raging on a vacant lot. Willie Briggs and Red Miller were scrapping like dogs over a bone. The bone in this instance turned out to be a badly worn auto tire for which a junk dealer might pay ten cents.

Crossing the street, Tim's gaze shifted from Willie and Red to a three cornered fight between Dick Ricardi, Henny Foley and Ozzie Parks. In less than ten seconds Henny was down, Dick was rubbing raw knuckles and Ozzie had turned to rush assistance to Willie who was getting the worst of it from Red.

"That will be enough!" Tim Mulvany shouted. "Before you do any more fighting, I want you boys to see a real match!"

Spike Smith had dashed around the corner from the avenue in time to catch Tim's remark. "Are you kidding, Tim," he yelled, "or is it on the level?"

Tim gave Spike a dark frown. "Since when haven't I been on the level with you boys?" he growled. "I said I'm taking you to see a real bout, and I mean what I said!"

"Yeah?" Ozzie panted as he rushed over ahead of the others. "Where and when?"

The six boys were crowding around Tim now, and others were rushing to join them from both ends of the street. Counting the whole gang, Tim began to wonder if he could make good his promise. Kids could get into movies for half price if they were under twelve, but no one had ever heard of such a thing as a half-price admission to a boxing match.

"Seats not too far back from ringside," Tim thought, "will set me back three dollars and thirty cents each. Multiply that by nearly three dozen kids and — whoa! Over a hundred bucks! That's running a bit too high."

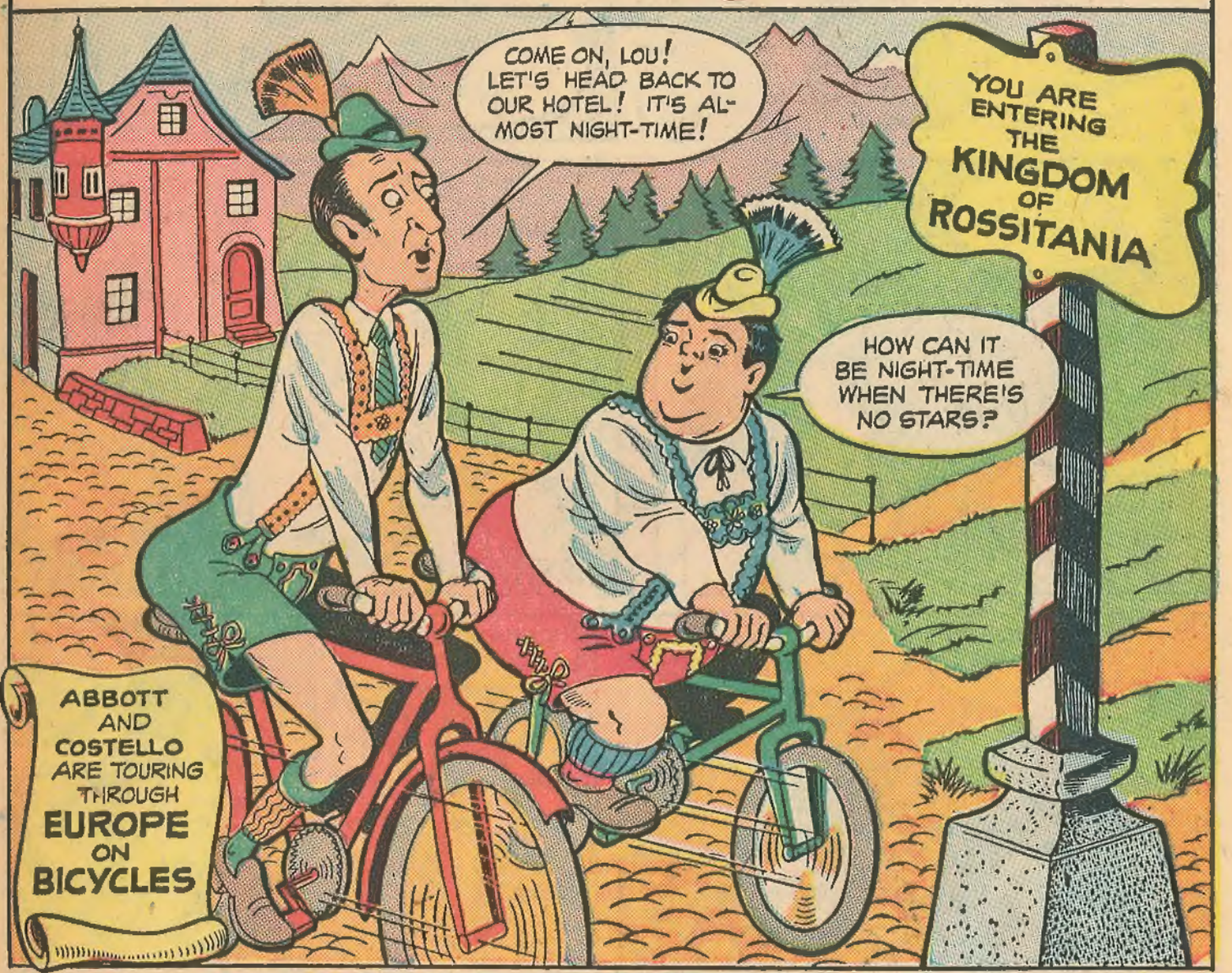
Henny Foley shoved Tim's elbow and piped up: "When you taking us, Tim? This Friday night to the Sports Arena where Skippy Jenkins is defending his middleweight crown against Mugger Kane?"

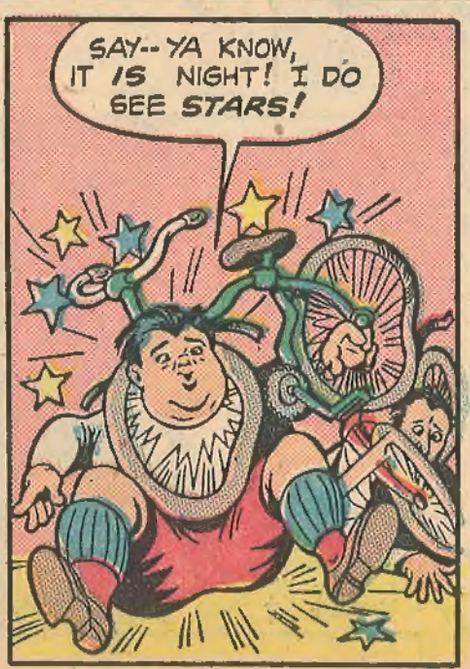
Tim nodded, gulped and finally said in a weak voice: "Yes. That's it, boys. You'll see the middleweight bout this coming Friday night, but it won't be at the Sports Arena. Well, I've got to be getting along now. Have some shopping to do. See you all later."

(*Continued on Inside Back Cover*)

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO COMICS, Vol. 1, No. 10, August 1950. Single copies 10 cents. Published bi-monthly by St. John Publishing Co., 545 Fifth Avenue., New York 17, N. Y. Telephone MU 7-6623. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by St. John Publishing Co. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions other than title characters appearing in this magazine, and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

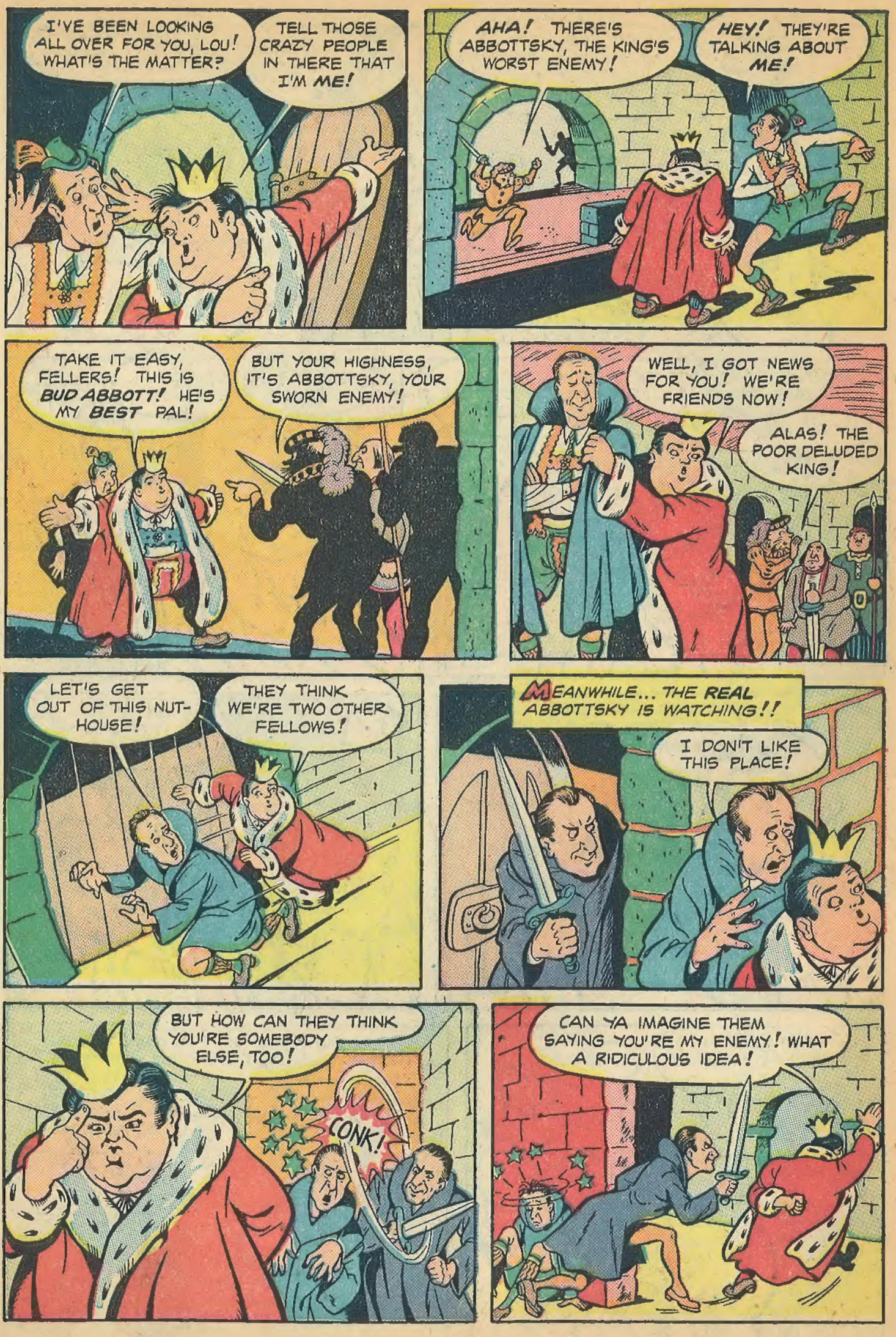
ABBOTT and COSTELLO IN The Unruly Rulers


COME ON, LOU! LET'S HEAD BACK TO OUR HOTEL! IT'S ALMOST NIGHT-TIME!
YOU ARE ENTERING THE KINGDOM OF ROSSITANIA
HOW CAN IT BE NIGHT-TIME WHEN THERE'S NO STARS?
ABBOTT AND COSTELLO ARE TOURING THROUGH EUROPE ON BICYCLES



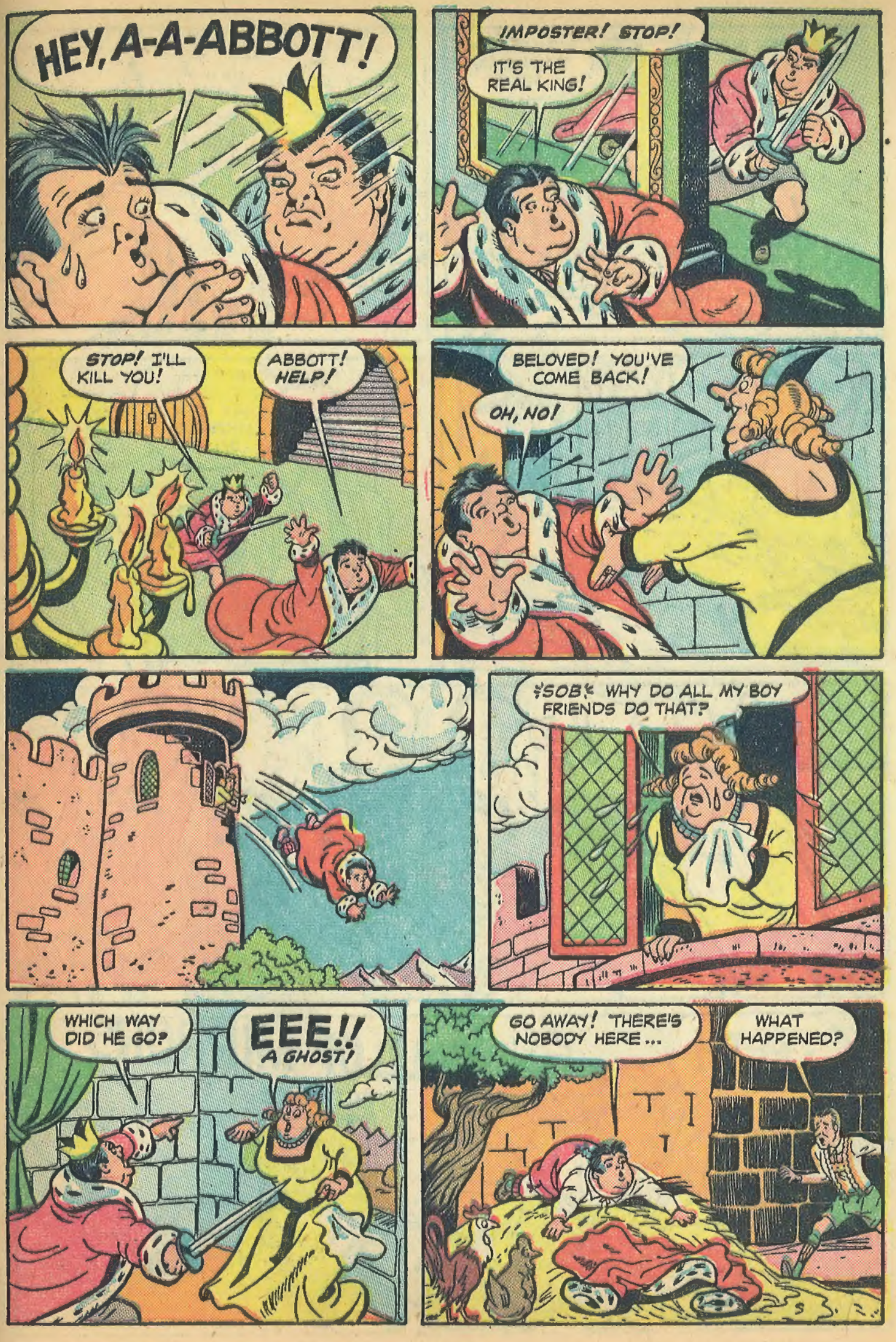
HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
ASK ME LATER!
YOU ARE ENTERING THE KINGDOM OF ROSSITANIA
ROYAL TOWER OF ROSSITANIA
BOY! THAT'S THE BIGGEST HOTEL I EVER SAW!
LEMME IN! LEMME IN!
IT'S KING LOUIS! WELCOME BACK, YOUR HIGHNESS!
ARE YOU GUYS KIDDING? I DON'T SEE NO KING!
HIS MAJESTY JESTS!
YOU'RE THE KING, OF COURSE!
WHO, ME?
HOW CAN YOU DENY IT, WHEN YOUR ROYAL PORTRAIT HANGS ON THE WALL?
GULP! IT DOES LOOKS LIKE ME!
ALAS! THE POOR KING APPEARS A LITTLE TOUCHED!

BUT SOMEBODY IS MAKING A BIG MISTAKE!! I'M LOU COSTELLO!
WHY, YOUR HIGHNESS, DON'T YOU REMEMBER? WE WERE TO BE MARRIED TODAY!
HUH?
HEH! HEH! I JUST REMEMBERED... I'M THE KING ALL RIGHT! YESSIR!
THE KING WILL HAVE HIS LITTLE JOKE! YOUR ROYAL ROBES, YOUR MAJESTY!
TELL ME MORE! YOU INTEREST ME STRANGELY!
I WAS SAYING THAT WE'RE BOTH GOING TO BE MARRIED TODAY!
SAY MORE!
I'M MARRYING THE DUKE OF ROSSITANIA--
--AND YOU'RE MARRYING PRINCESS BECKY!
WHAT?
LEMME OUT OF HERE! I'VE BEEN THINKING IT OVER... I'M NOT THE KING!
HEY, ABBOTT!
TSK! TSK! THE KING CERTAINLY IS ACTING STRANGELY.


I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU, LOU! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
TELL THOSE CRAZY PEOPLE IN THERE THAT I'M ME!
AHA! THERE'S ABBOTTSKY, THE KING'S WORST ENEMY!
HEY! THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME!
TAKE IT EASY, FELLERS! THIS IS BUD ABBOTT! HE'S MY BEST PAL!
BUT YOUR HIGHNESS, IT'S ABBOTTSKY, YOUR SWORN ENEMY!
WELL, I GOT NEWS FOR YOU! WE'RE FRIENDS NOW!
ALAS! THE POOR DELUDED KING!
LET'S GET OUT OF THIS NUT-HOUSE!
THEY THINK WE'RE TWO OTHER FELLOWS!
MEANWHILE... THE REAL ABBOTTSKY IS WATCHING!!
I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE!
BUT HOW CAN THEY THINK YOU'RE SOMEBODY ELSE, TOO!
CONK!
CAN YA IMAGINE THEM SAYING YOU'RE MY ENEMY! WHAT A RIDICULOUS IDEA!

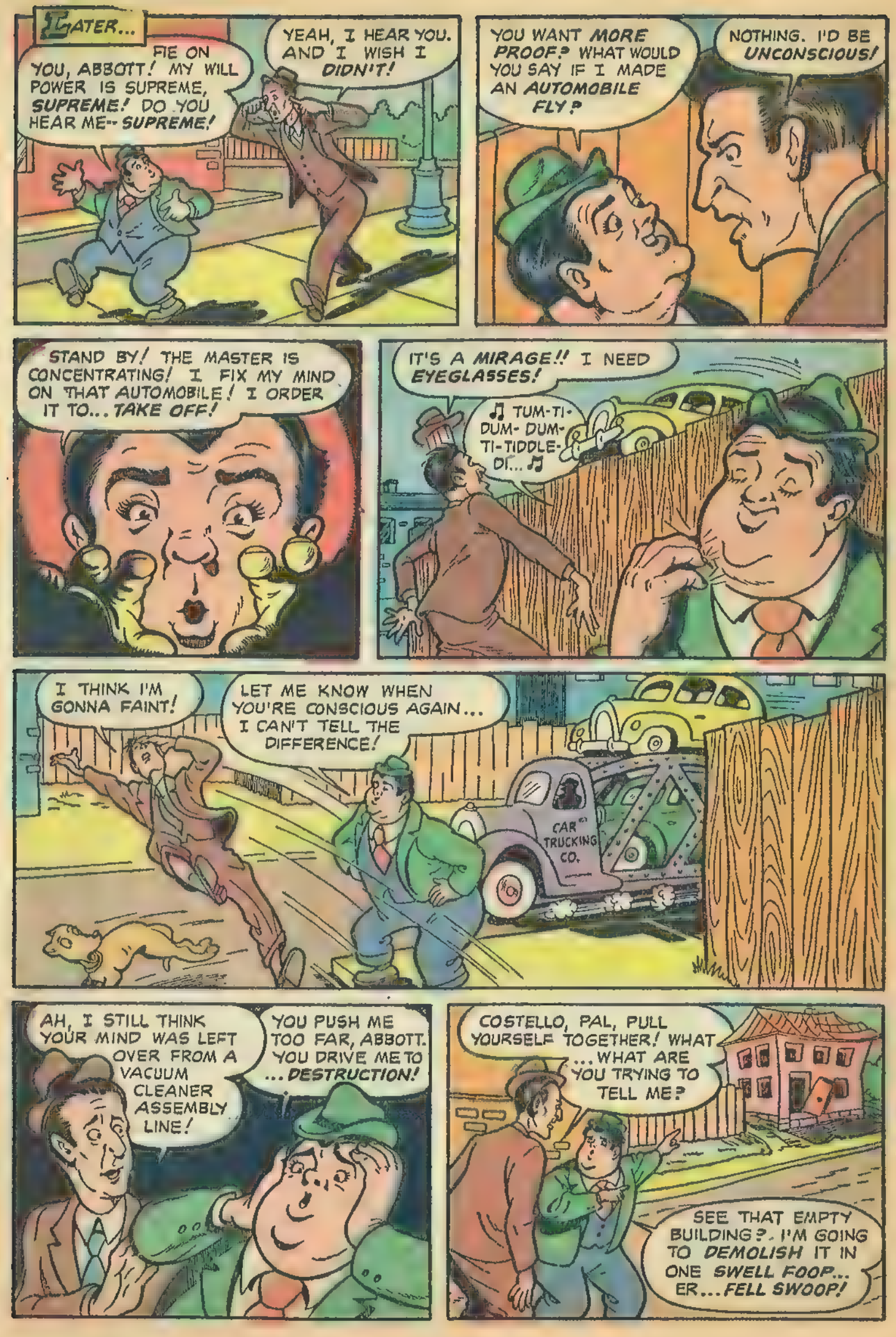
EN GARDE!
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU POINT THAT THING!
HAW! HAW! I GET IT! YOU WANNA PLAY A LITTLE GAME! I'LL PLAY WITH YOU, BUD!
THIS IS FUN!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
HEY, ABBOTT--WATCH IT! YA ALMOST STABBED ME!
SAY! THAT POINT IS SHARP! I CAN GET HURT THAT WAY! YOU'RE A BA-A-A-D BOY!
MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT I'M ABBOTTSKY!
PLEASED TO MEET YOU. I'M NAPOLEON!
MEANWHILE ABBOTT REGAINS HIS SENSES...
CURSES! THERE'S ABBOTT!
HUH?
OHHH!!

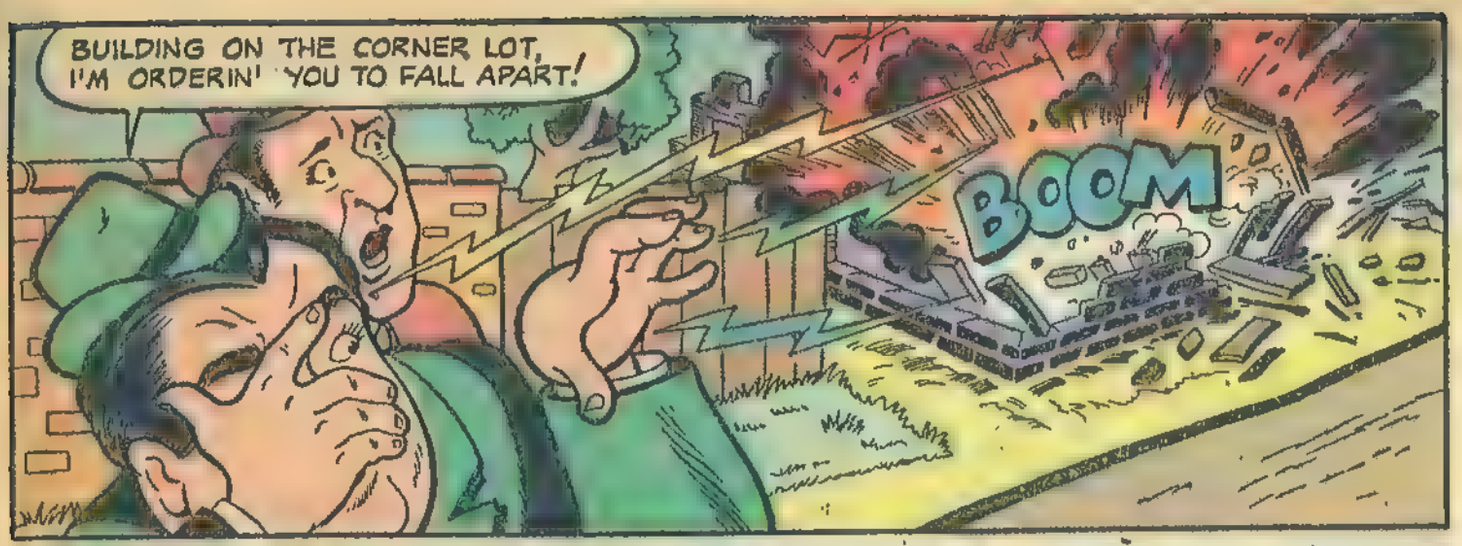
HEY, LOU! DID SOMEBODY HIT YOU, TOO?
LOU, WAKE UP! WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!
WHO'S ON FIRST BASE? WHAT'S ON SECOND?
SO, ABBOTTSKY! YOU WANT TO KILL ME?
ABBOTTSKY?
NIX, COSTELLO! IT'S ME--ABBOTT!
I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE! I WANNA GO HOME!
ME, TOO!
CAN YOU IMAGINE ME LOOKING LIKE A KING?
THIS IS THE SILLIEST THING I EVER SAW! I'M GONNA TAKE THIS CRAZY CROWN OFF! I'M--
?

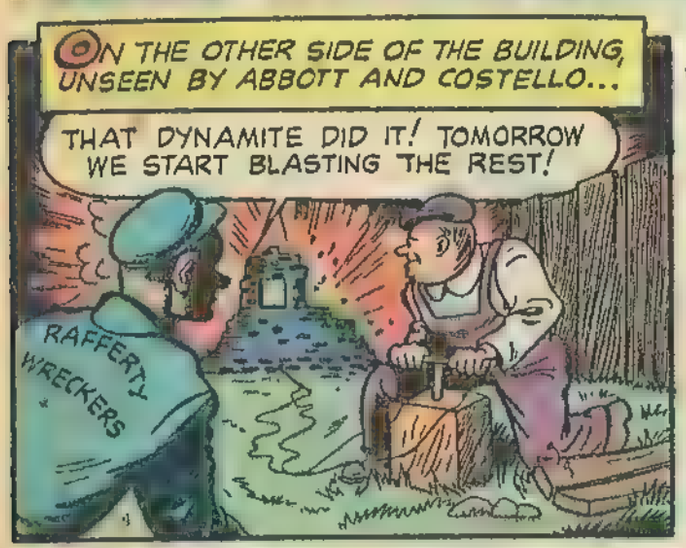

HEY, A-A-ABBOTT!
IMPOSTER! STOP!
IT'S THE REAL KING!
STOP! I'LL KILL YOU!
ABBOTT! HELP!
BELOVED! YOU'VE COME BACK!
OH, NO!
SOB! WHY DO ALL MY BOY FRIENDS DO THAT?
WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
EEE!! A GHOST!
GO AWAY! THERE'S NOBODY HERE...
WHAT HAPPENED?

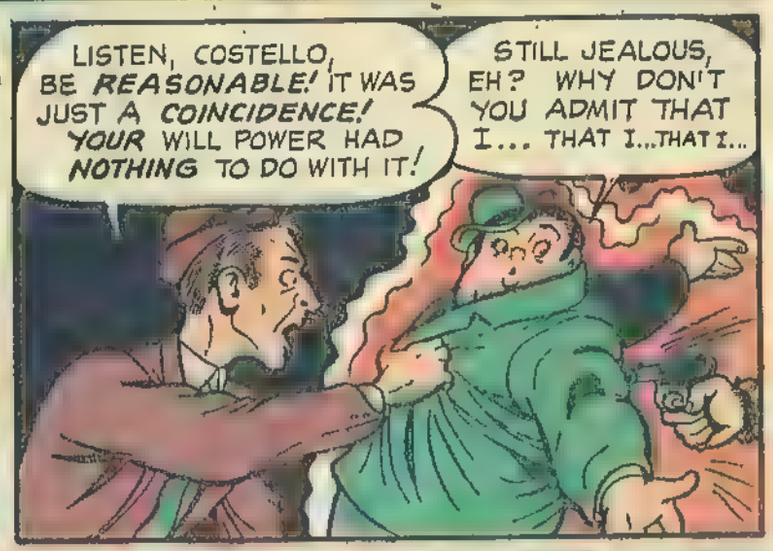
ARE YOU SURE IT'S YOU?
I'M ME, AND I HOPE YOU'RE YOU!!
HURRY UP! THEY'RE STILL AFTER US!
QUICK! THERE'S A DOOR! LET'S HIDE!
EXIT
IF I SEE ANOTHER GUY THAT LOOKS LIKE ME, I'LL--
HEY, ABBOTT! LOOK!
?!
!?
HALP!
HALL OF MIRRORS
ENTRANCE
TICKETS
10¢
WHAT'S EATING THOSE GUYS?

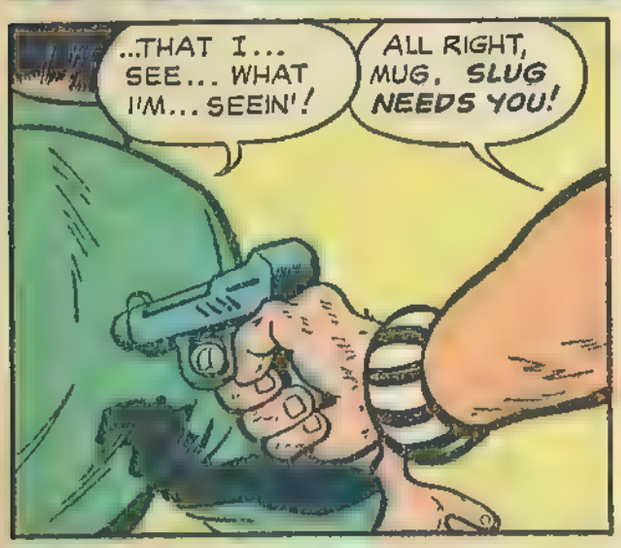
ABBOTT & COSTELLO in MIRACLE MAN
I AM THE MASTER! YOU ARE MY SLAVE! ABBOTT..I ORDER YOU TO...CRY!
WILL-POWER
CUT IT OUT, COSTELLO! CUT IT SOB OUT!
COSTELLO, YOU MAKE ME SNIFF LAUGH! YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT MOONSHINE, DO YOU?
TSK, TSK! ACCORDIN' TO CHAPTER THREE, MY WILL IS ALL-POWERFUL! WHAT'S MORE, I CAN PROVE IT!
PICTURE, PICTURE ON THE WALL, I'M ORDERING YOU TO TAKE A FALL!
ISN'T HE PITIFUL?
WHADDAYA SAY NOW, DOUBTING THOMAS?
I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT! THERE MUST BE SOME EXPLANA-TION!
CRASH!
...THERE IS -- IN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR!
BANGEDY-BANG!
BET I WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL THAT TIME!

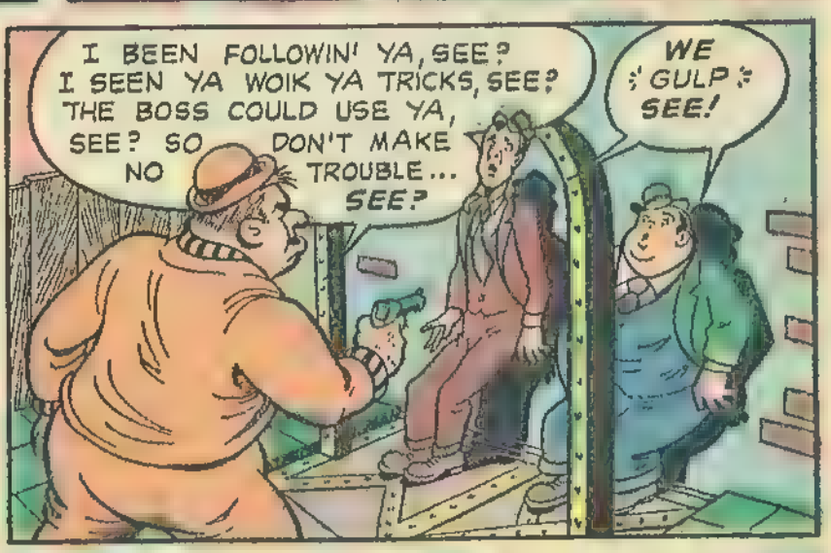

LATER...
FIE ON YOU, ABBOTT! MY WILL POWER IS SUPREME, SUPREME! DO YOU HEAR ME-- SUPREME!
YEAH, I HEAR YOU. AND I WISH I DIDN'T!
YOU WANT MORE PROOF? WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I MADE AN AUTOMOBILE FLY?
NOTHING. I'D BE UNCONSCIOUS!
STAND BY! THE MASTER IS CONCENTRATING! I FIX MY MIND ON THAT AUTOMOBILE! I ORDER IT TO... TAKE OFF!
IT'S A MIRAGE!! I NEED EYEGLASSES!
♫ TUM-TI-DUM- DUM-TI-TIDDLE-DI... ♫
I THINK I'M GONNA FAINT!
LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU'RE CONSCIOUS AGAIN... I CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE!
CAR TRUCKING CO.
AH, I STILL THINK YOUR MIND WAS LEFT OVER FROM A VACUUM CLEANER ASSEMBLY LINE!
YOU PUSH ME TOO FAR, ABBOTT. YOU DRIVE ME TO ...DESTRUCTION!
COSTELLO, PAL, PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! WHAT ...WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?
SEE THAT EMPTY BUILDING? I'M GOING TO DEMOLISH IT IN ONE SWELL FOOP... ER... FELL SWOOP!


BUILDING ON THE CORNER LOT, I'M ORDERIN' YOU TO FALL APART!
BOOM

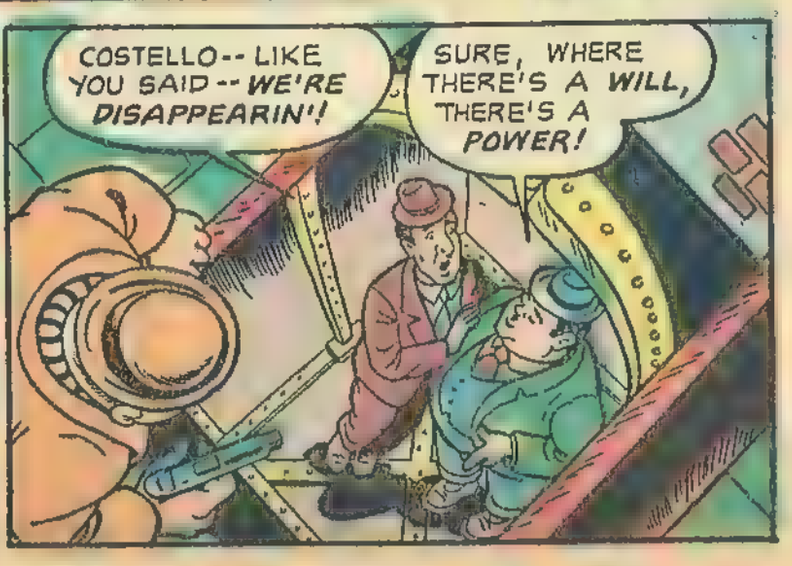

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING, UNSEEN BY ABBOTT AND COSTELLO...
THAT DYNAMITE DID IT! TOMORROW WE START BLASTING THE REST!
RAFFERTY WRECKERS


LISTEN, COSTELLO, BE REASONABLE! IT WAS JUST A COINCIDENCE! YOUR WILL POWER HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!
STILL JEALOUS, EH? WHY DON'T YOU ADMIT THAT I... THAT I...THAT I...

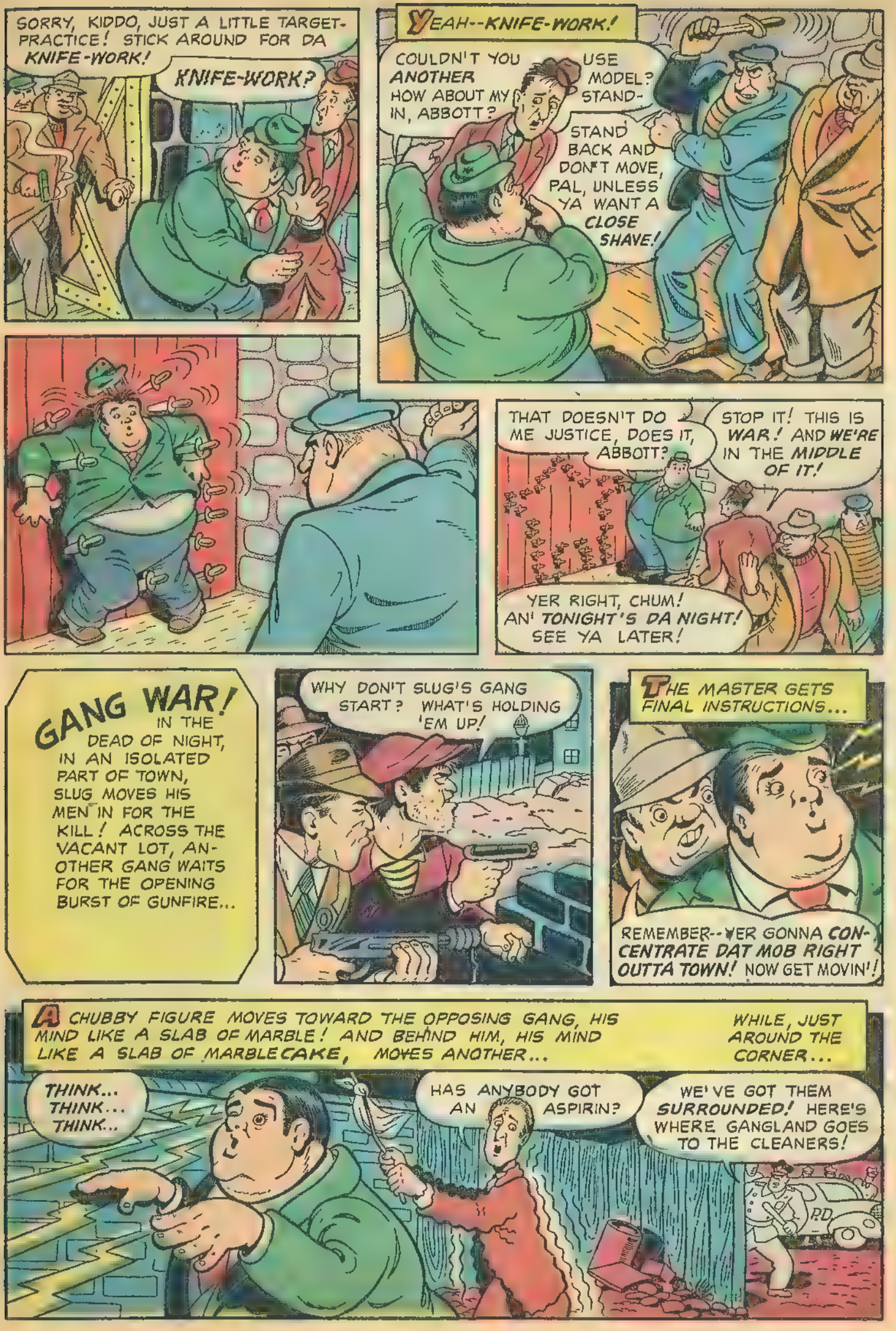

...THAT I... SEE... WHAT I'M... SEEIN'!
ALL RIGHT, MUG. SLUG NEEDS YOU!

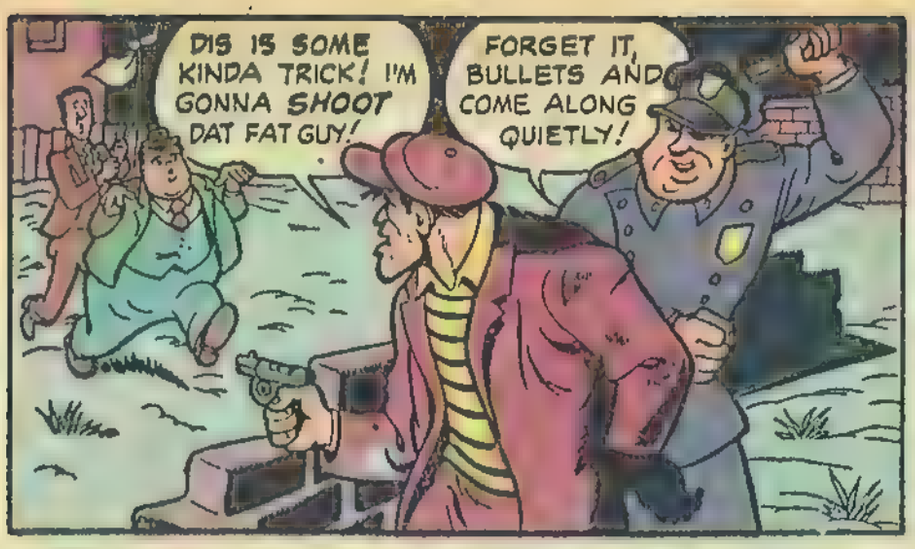

I BEEN FOLLOWIN' YA, SEE? I SEEN YA WOIK YA TRICKS, SEE? THE BOSS COULD USE YA, SEE? SO DON'T MAKE NO TROUBLE... SEE?
WE ;GULP; SEE!

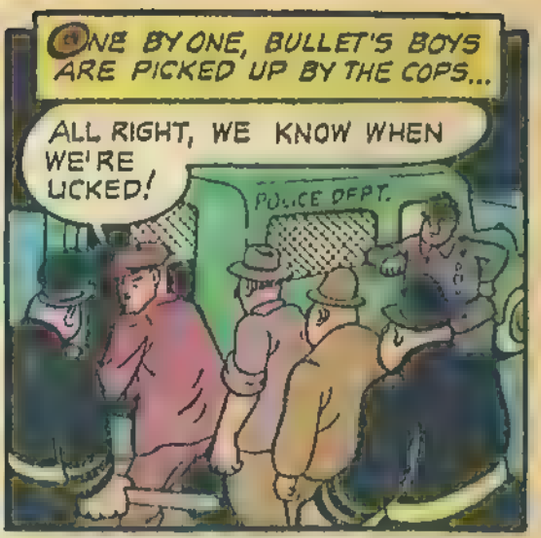
GET US OUT OF THIS ONE, MASTER-MIND!
DON'T WORRY, BUDDY-BOY, I WILL! I ORDER US TO-- DISAPPEAR!

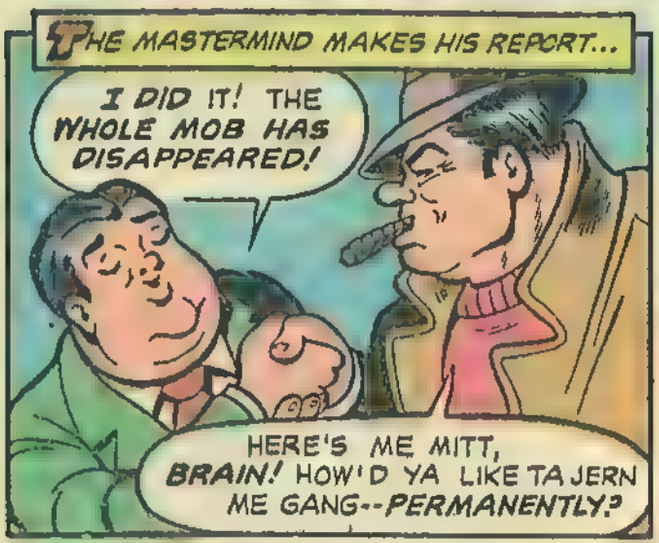

COSTELLO-- LIKE YOU SAID-- WE'RE DISAPPEARIN'!
SURE, WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A POWER!

THINK O' DAT! THEY MUSTA LEANED UP AGAINST DA SOIVICE BELL!
FAR, FAR BELOW...
HERE WE ARE, SAFE AND SOUND!
ULP!
CREAK
CREAK
WELCOME, BOYS, I SEE YEZ TOOK DA SHORTCUT TO ME LAYOUT! I'M GLAD YER READY TO PLAY BALL! WHICH IS DA ONE WID DA WILL POWER?
I AM THE MASTER!
WELL, HERE'S DA SETUP! I'M FEUDIN' WID A LOW-TYPE MOBSTER, BULLETS BY NAME, AN' I'M EXPECTIN' FIREWORKS SO I WANT YOU SHOULD--
WHA--
WHA--
--DESTROY DA GANG WID YER MIND! I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!
GANG WAR! SLUG! BULLETS! GUNS! FIREWORKS! COSTELLO, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN BED!
OH, FOLDEROL! YOU'RE JUST HIGH-STRUNG, ABBOTT!
AFTER ALL, WHAT'S THERE TO BE NERVOUS ABOUT?
WE-- WE'RE AMONG FRIENDS!!

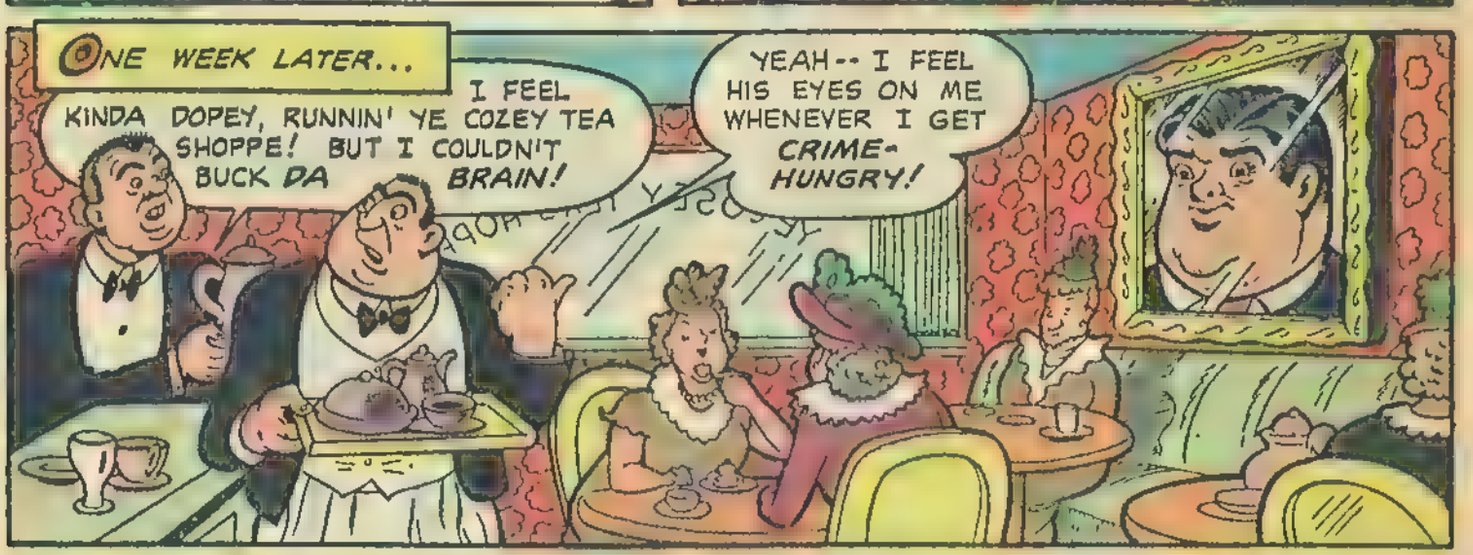

SORRY, KIDDO, JUST A LITTLE TARGET-PRACTICE! STICK AROUND FOR DA KNIFE-WORK!
KNIFE-WORK?
YEAH--KNIFE-WORK!
COULDN'T YOU USE ANOTHER MODEL? HOW ABOUT MY STAND-IN, ABBOTT?
STAND BACK AND DON'T MOVE, PAL, UNLESS YA WANT A CLOSE SHAVE!
THAT DOESN'T DO ME JUSTICE, DOES IT, ABBOTT?
STOP IT! THIS IS WAR! AND WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF IT!
YER RIGHT, CHUM! AN' TONIGHT'S DA NIGHT! SEE YA LATER!
GANG WAR! IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, IN AN ISOLATED PART OF TOWN, SLUG MOVES HIS MEN IN FOR THE KILL! ACROSS THE VACANT LOT, ANOTHER GANG WAITS FOR THE OPENING BURST OF GUNFIRE...
WHY DON'T SLUG'S GANG START? WHAT'S HOLDING 'EM UP!
THE MASTER GETS FINAL INSTRUCTIONS...
REMEMBER--YER GONNA CONCENTRATE DAT MOB RIGHT OUTTA TOWN! NOW GET MOVIN'!
A CHUBBY FIGURE MOVES TOWARD THE OPPOSING GANG, HIS MIND LIKE A SLAB OF MARBLE! AND BEHIND HIM, HIS MIND LIKE A SLAB OF MARBLECAKE, MOVES ANOTHER...
WHILE, JUST AROUND THE CORNER...
THINK... THINK... THINK...
HAS ANYBODY GOT AN ASPIRIN?
WE'VE GOT THEM SURROUNDED! HERE'S WHERE GANGLAND GOES TO THE CLEANERS!
P.D.

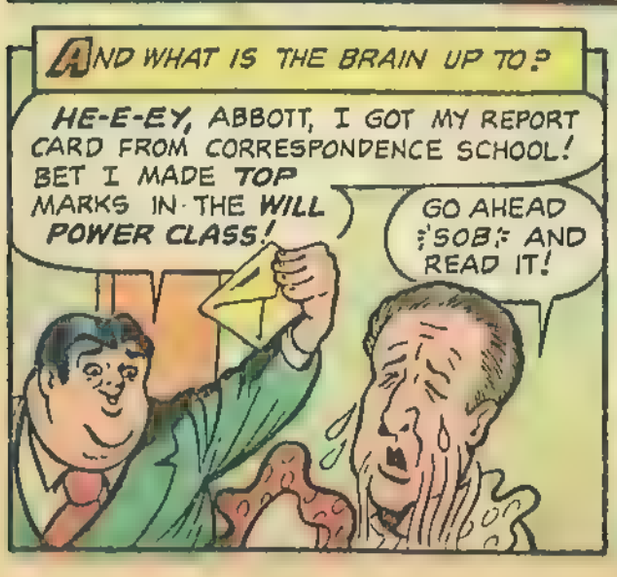

DIS IS SOME KINDA TRICK! I'M GONNA SHOOT DAT FAT GUY!
FORGET IT, BULLETS AND COME ALONG QUIETLY!

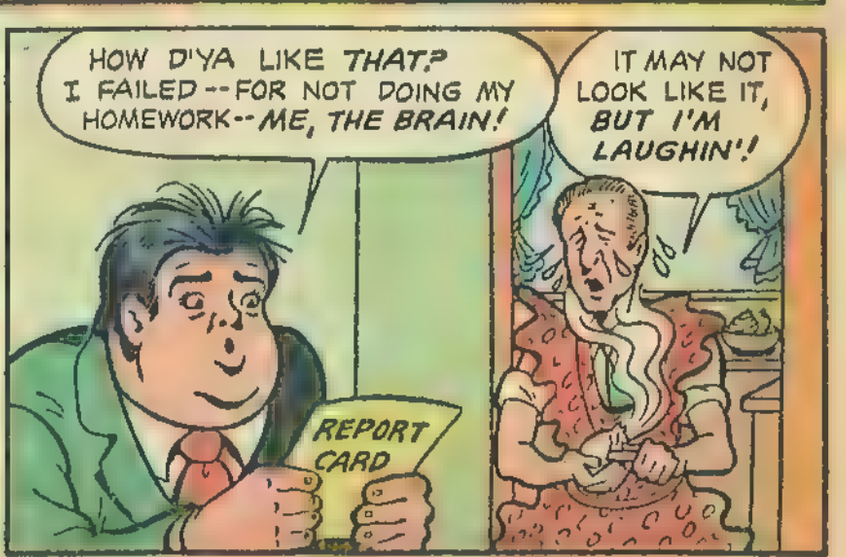

ONE BY ONE, BULLET'S BOYS ARE PICKED UP BY THE COPS...
ALL RIGHT, WE KNOW WHEN WE'RE UCKED!
POLICE DEPT.

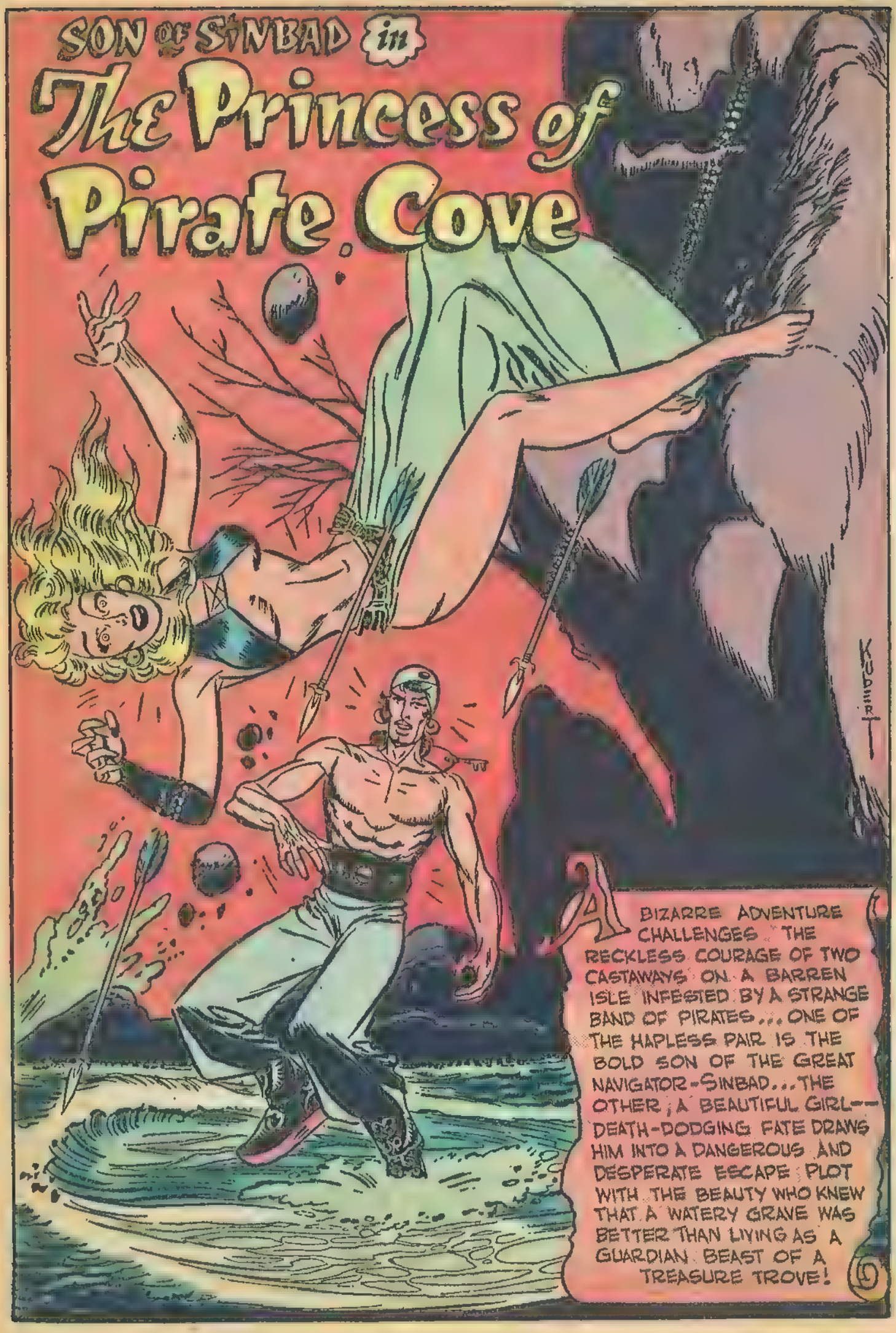

THE MASTERMIND MAKES HIS REPORT...
I DID IT! THE WHOLE MOB HAS DISAPPEARED!
HERE'S ME MITT, BRAIN! HOW'D YA LIKE TA JERN ME GANG--PERMANENTLY?

ARE YOU MAD MAN? YOU AND YOUR GANG ARE GOING STRAIGHT! DO YOU DARE DEFY ME?
I WOULDN'T T'INK OF IT, BRAIN!

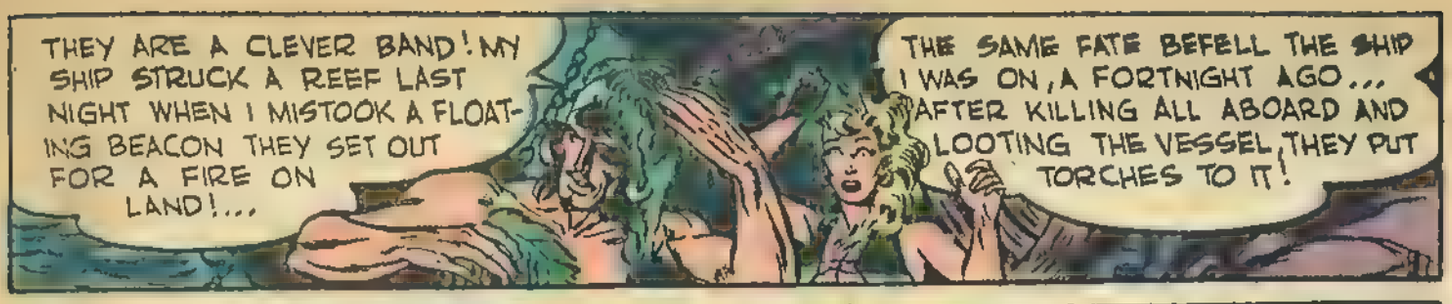

ONE WEEK LATER...
KINDA DOPEY, RUNNIN' YE COZEY TEA SHOPPE! BUT I COULDN'T BUCK DA BRAIN!
I FEEL
YEAH -- I FEEL HIS EYES ON ME WHENEVER I GET CRIME-HUNGRY!


AND WHAT IS THE BRAIN UP TO?
HE-E-EY, ABBOTT, I GOT MY REPORT CARD FROM CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL! BET I MADE TOP MARKS IN THE WILL POWER CLASS!
GO AHEAD ;SOB; AND READ IT!

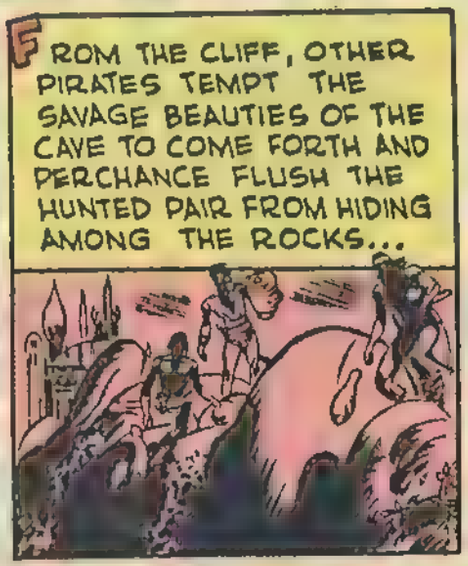

HOW D'YA LIKE THAT? I FAILED -- FOR NOT DOING MY HOMEWORK -- ME, THE BRAIN!
REPORT CARD
IT MAY NOT LOOK LIKE IT, BUT I'M LAUGHIN'!

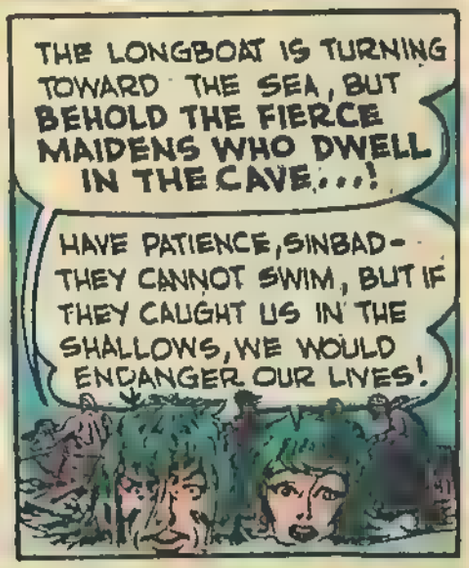

SON of SINBAD in
The Princess of Pirate Cove
KUBERT
A BIZARRE ADVENTURE CHALLENGES THE RECKLESS COURAGE OF TWO CASTAWAYS ON A BARREN ISLE INFESTED BY A STRANGE BAND OF PIRATES... ONE OF THE HAPLESS PAIR IS THE BOLD SON OF THE GREAT NAVIGATOR-SINBAD... THE OTHER, A BEAUTIFUL GIRL--DEATH-DODGING FATE DRAWS HIM INTO A DANGEROUS AND DESPERATE ESCAPE PLOT WITH THE BEAUTY WHO KNEW THAT A WATERY GRAVE WAS BETTER THAN LIVING AS A GUARDIAN BEAST OF A TREASURE TROVE!

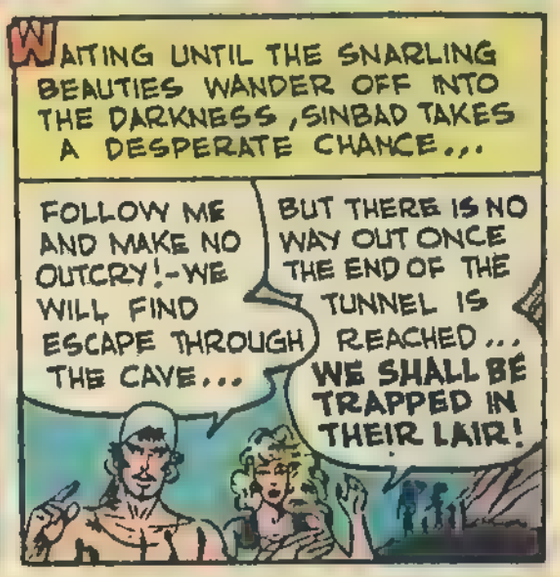
HEEDLESS OF FLYING ARROWS AND STONES, THE SON OF SINBAD GRIMLY DETERMINES TO SAVE THE DEFENSELESS GIRL...
FALLING FROM SUCH A GREAT HEIGHT MAY HAVE BROKEN HER BACK, BUT I CAN'T PASS UP THE CHANCE SHE IS ONLY STUNNED!
SPLASH
CRIES AND CURSES ECHO ANGRILY FROM THEIR FIERCE ASSAILANTS ATOP THE SEA CLIFF AS YOUNG SINBAD STRUGGLES TO DRAW THE GIRL BEYOND THE RANGE OF THE DEADLY MISSILES...
KILL THE SCHEMING WRETCHES LEST THEY SWIM TO FREEDOM!
AYE! IF THEY ESCAPE, LAHRU WILL SHOW US NO MERCY!
WE WILL BE SAFE BEHIND THIS ROCK IN THE SHORT TIME BEFORE DARKNESS! I WONDER WHY THOSE ROGUES WERE TRYING TO KILL THIS POOR GIRL...?
BUT IT IS A BAD OMEN TO SINBAD WHEN THE PIRATES DESIST IN THEIR EVIL EFFORTS...
THE SCOUNDRELS WILL PROBABLY ENLIST THE AID OF THEIR HENCHMEN..THE CLIFF IS TOO STEEP FOR DESCENT, SO THEY WILL PUT OUT IN BOATS FROM THE SHORE AROUND THE POINT!
Y-YOU HAVE SAVED ME - PRAY; WHO ARE YOU?
I AM THE SON OF SINBAD, THE SEA-FARER...HOW MY SHIP FELL PREY TO THESE PIRATES IS A LONG STORY! - BUT NOW, WE MUST HIDE IN YONDER CAVE...
NO! NO! TURN BACK TO THE SEA! TH-THE CAVE IS INHABITED BY SAVAGE BEAUTIES WHO WOULD KILL US!!
AS NIGHT SETTLES OVER THE STEEP-SIDED CAVE, SINBAD AND THE MAIDEN HAVE NO CHOICE OF A HIDING PLACE...
THE PIRATES HURL STONES AT THE CAVE WOMEN SHOULD THEY VENTURE FORTH BY DAYLIGHT - AT NIGHTFALL, THE PIRATES THROW CHUNKS OF RAW MUTTON FOR THEM TO DEVOUR!
MOST AMAZING! THEY MUST BE HELD CAPTIVE IN THE CAVE FOR A PURPOSE!
IT IS AS I FEARED! TWO LONGBOATS, MANNED BY THE CUT-THROATS COME TO SEARCH FOR US! PERHAPS IF WE LIE IN THE SHALLOW WATER, COVERING OUR FACES WITH SEA-WEED, THEY WILL NOT SEE US...
THE PIRATES WILL NOT VENTURE CLOSE TO SHORE BY THE CAVE!


THEY ARE A CLEVER BAND! MY SHIP STRUCK A REEF LAST NIGHT WHEN I MISTOOK A FLOATING BEACON THEY SET OUT FOR A FIRE ON LAND!...
THE SAME FATE BEFELL THE SHIP I WAS ON, A FORTNIGHT AGO... AFTER KILLING ALL ABOARD AND LOOTING THE VESSEL, THEY PUT TORCHES TO IT!

HUSH, NOW... LEST THE SCOUNDRELS HEAR US! WE CANNOT MOVE UNTIL THEY DRAW OFF UPON THE WATER!


FROM THE CLIFF, OTHER PIRATES TEMPT THE SAVAGE BEAUTIES OF THE CAVE TO COME FORTH AND PERCHANCE FLUSH THE HUNTED PAIR FROM HIDING AMONG THE ROCKS...

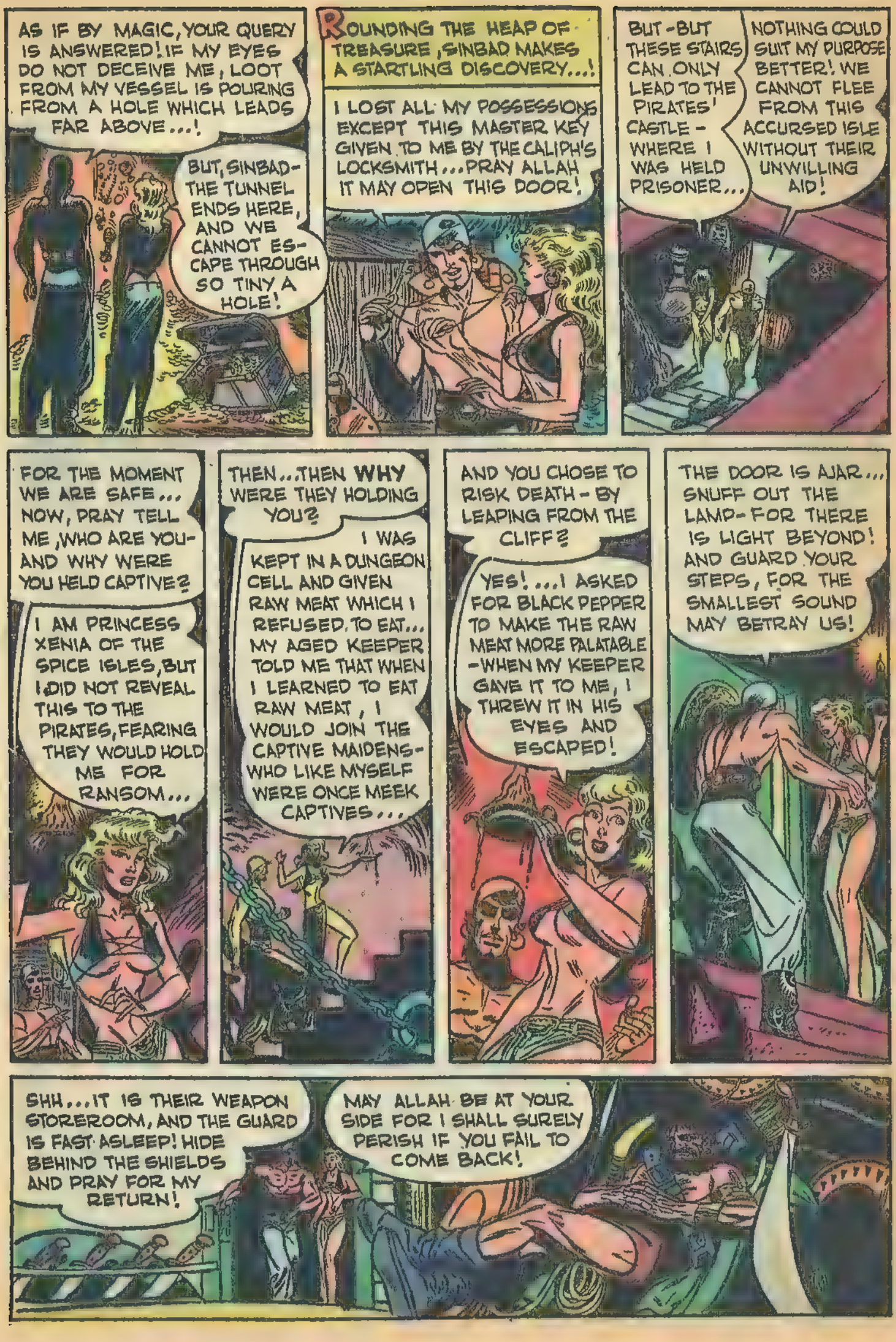

THE LONGBOAT IS TURNING TOWARD THE SEA, BUT BEHOLD THE FIERCE MAIDENS WHO DWELL IN THE CAVE...!
HAVE PATIENCE, SINBAD - THEY CANNOT SWIM, BUT IF THEY CAUGHT US IN THE SHALLOWS, WE WOULD ENDANGER OUR LIVES!


WAITING UNTIL THE SNARLING BEAUTIES WANDER OFF INTO THE DARKNESS, SINBAD TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE...
FOLLOW ME AND MAKE NO OUTCRY! - WE WILL FIND ESCAPE THROUGH THE CAVE...
BUT THERE IS NO WAY OUT ONCE THE END OF THE TUNNEL IS REACHED... WE SHALL BE TRAPPED IN THEIR LAIR!

PERHAPS NOT! - THERE IS AN INWARD DRAUGHT OF AIR... WHERE IT ESCAPES, WE MAY FIND A WAY OUT...
IF THERE BE A WAY OUT, THESE SAVAGE MAIDENS WOULD HAVE GAINED THEIR FREEDOM!

THIS TALLOW LAMP THEY LEFT BURNING IS THEIR ONLY LIGHT! - THEY'LL SUSPECT INTRUDERS WITHIN WHEN THEY RETURN AND FIND IT GONE...

BEHOLD! A TREASURE OF GEMS AND COINS THAT WOULD DWARF THE HOARD OF MANY A RICH PRINCE! THIS IS THE SECRET WHICH THE HUMAN TIGRESSES GUARD!
DIAMONDS! PEARLS! RUBIES! BUT HOW ARE THEY BROUGHT HERE?


AS IF BY MAGIC, YOUR QUERY IS ANSWERED! IF MY EYES DO NOT DECEIVE ME, LOOT FROM MY VESSEL IS POURING FROM A HOLE WHICH LEADS FAR ABOVE...!
BUT, SINBAD- THE TUNNEL ENDS HERE, AND WE CANNOT ESCAPE THROUGH SO TINY A HOLE!
ROUNDING THE HEAP OF TREASURE, SINBAD MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY...!
I LOST ALL MY POSSESSIONS EXCEPT THIS MASTER KEY GIVEN TO ME BY THE CALIPH'S LOCKSMITH... PRAY ALLAH IT MAY OPEN THIS DOOR!
BUT - BUT THESE STAIRS CAN ONLY LEAD TO THE PIRATES' CASTLE - WHERE I WAS HELD PRISONER...
NOTHING COULD SUIT MY PURPOSE BETTER! WE CANNOT FLEE FROM THIS ACCURSED ISLE WITHOUT THEIR UNWILLING AID!
FOR THE MOMENT WE ARE SAFE... NOW, PRAY TELL ME, WHO ARE YOU- AND WHY WERE YOU HELD CAPTIVE?
I AM PRINCESS XENIA OF THE SPICE ISLES, BUT I DID NOT REVEAL THIS TO THE PIRATES, FEARING THEY WOULD HOLD ME FOR RANSOM...
THEN...THEN WHY WERE THEY HOLDING YOU?
I WAS KEPT IN A DUNGEON CELL AND GIVEN RAW MEAT WHICH I REFUSED TO EAT... MY AGED KEEPER TOLD ME THAT WHEN I LEARNED TO EAT RAW MEAT, I WOULD JOIN THE CAPTIVE MAIDENS- WHO LIKE MYSELF WERE ONCE MEEK CAPTIVES...
AND YOU CHOSE TO RISK DEATH - BY LEAPING FROM THE CLIFF?
YES!...I ASKED FOR BLACK PEPPER TO MAKE THE RAW MEAT MORE PALATABLE - WHEN MY KEEPER GAVE IT TO ME, I THREW IT IN HIS EYES AND ESCAPED!
THE DOOR IS AJAR... SNUFF OUT THE LAMP - FOR THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND! AND GUARD YOUR STEPS, FOR THE SMALLEST SOUND MAY BETRAY US!
SHH...IT IS THEIR WEAPON STOREROOM, AND THE GUARD IS FAST ASLEEP! HIDE BEHIND THE SHIELDS AND PRAY FOR MY RETURN!
MAY ALLAH BE AT YOUR SIDE FOR I SHALL SURELY PERISH IF YOU FAIL TO COME BACK!

BUT FATE TAKES A DANGEROUS TWIST!...
WHO GOES THERE? HALT, INFIDEL!
THE UGLY ONE AWOKE- I MUST SILENCE HIM QUICKLY!
SINBAD'S SUDDEN MOVE TAKES THE GUARD BY SURPRISE - BUT THE PIRATE'S WEAPON SWOOPS DOWN MENACINGLY...
AS QUICKLY AS A STRIKING COBRA, ARMS OF STEEL ENCIRCLE THE PIRATE, PROMISING DEATH WITH INCREASING PRESSURE...
I SHALL END YOUR MISERABLE LIFE IF YOU UTTER THE FAINTEST CRY!...DROP YOUR WEAPON!
DISARMING AND BINDING THE GUARD, SINBAD PUTS MANY QUESTIONS TO HIM, UNTIL HE STRIKES ONE WHICH DRAWS A STARTLING REPLY...
WHY DID YOU LEAVE THE SILKS AND LINENS IN MY CARGO TO BURN WITH THE SHIP?
OUR CHIEFTAIN, LAHRU, FEARS MUTINY! - TO PREVENT IT, SHE FORBIDS HER MEN TO HAVE CLOTH WITH WHICH ONE MIGHT FASHION A SAIL AND ESCAPE...
THE SCOUNDRELS ARE LED BY A WOMAN! DID YOU KNOW THAT? HAVE YOU LAID EYES ON HER?
ALLAH FORBID! YET IT RINGS OF THE TRUTH-! WHO BUT A MAD WOMAN WOULD TRANSFORM A MEEK MAIDEN INTO A RAVENOUS BEAST?
FORCE THAT COWARDLY RASCAL TO CRAWL BEHIND THE SHIELDS, AND GUARD HIM WELL...WHILE I SEEK OUT THAT SHE-DEMON! THE CRY OF THE SEA HAWK WILL BE MY SIGNAL FOR YOU TO COME!...
TEMPER YOUR COURAGE WITH CAUTION, SINBAD- LAHRU MUST SURELY BE A MONSTER!
VOICES! TWO VOICES AND ONE IS THAT OF A DEEP-THROATED WOMAN!

I WILL NOT SLEEP UNTIL THE BODIES OF THAT PAIR ARE WASHED ASHORE! WOE TO YOU IF THEY ESCAPE TO THE MAINLAND...
FEAR NOT, LAHRU- THE TIDES AND CURRENTS WOULD TURN BACK THE STRONGEST SWIMMER, AND YOUR LOOKOUTS HAVE SPIED NO PASSING SHIPS!...
YOUNG SINBAD KNOWS THAT NOTHING IS TO BE GAINED BY FURTHER EAVESDROPPING:..HE HASTENS TO THE SHORE-
EVERY MOMENT IS WORTH A HANDFULL OF GOLD COINS! A SHARP CLAMSHELL AND A BIG CHUNK OF WET CLAY ARE ALL THAT I NEED...
SWIFTLY, HE CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN, MAKING SURE THAT THE BOAT HE SELECTED FOR THEIR ESCAPE HOLDS SEVERAL STOUT OARS...
A SAIL IS ALL THAT IS LACKING!...WOULD NOT LAHRU'S BED-CHAMBER HAVE A CLOTH OF A KIND? I SHALL INVADE HER PRIVACY FOR THE ANSWER...
SLIPPING WRAITH-LIKE THROUGH THE CASTLE, SINBAD COMES UPON A MASTER CHAMBER REEKING FROM SWEET INCENSE...
NOT EVEN A COVERLET ON THE BED - BUT THIS FINE TAPESTRY WILL FILL MY NEED! FOOTSTEPS! I MUST HURRY!
HA! SO THE WRETCHED CASTAWAY DARES TO ENTER MY BED-CHAMBER! I WILL HAVE MY MEN LASH YOU IN RELAYS TIL THE LAST DROP OF BLOOD IS WHIPPED FROM YOUR MISERABLE BODY!
BUT, ALAS, DAUGHTER OF SATAN! YOUR MEN ARE NOT AT YOUR SIDE!
THIS WILL MUFFLE YOUR SNARLS, TIGRESS! - SO NONE WILL COME TO YOUR AID!
A FEW MOMENTS IN SUCH CONFINEMENT NEARLY SUFFOCATED HER ...I WILL CARRY HER TO THE SHORE ERE SHE CAN DRAW ENOUGH BREATH FOR AN OUT-CRY!

THE SNORES OF LAHRU'S SLUMBERING BAND DRONE THROUGH THE CASTLE HALLS AS THE DAUNTLESS YOUNG NAVIGATOR MAKES HIS WAY OUT...

THE SEA HAWK'S CRY WILL BRING THE PRINCESS - BUT MAY ALSO AWAKEN THE SLUMBERING PIRATES! -

WHEEEEEAH

WITH THE FLEETNESS OF A GAZELLE, XENIA HEEDS SINBAD'S SIGNAL...

WERE YOU FOLLOWED, PRINCESS?

I HEARD ANGRY VOICES, BUT I DARED NOT LOOK BACK!

BINDING THE ARMS OF HIS SCREAMING CAPTIVE, SINBAD HURLS THE TAPESTRY AFTER HER INTO THE LONGBOAT...

HER MEN ARE BUT A STONE'S THROW FROM BEHIND!...WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO SPARE... HEAVE HO!

THE BREEZE IS TOO LIGHT...WE CANNOT OUTDISTANCE THEM UNDER A MAKESHIFT SAIL, SINBAD!

THEY DARE NOT SHOOT ARROWS FOR FEAR OF STRIKING THEIR LEADER!

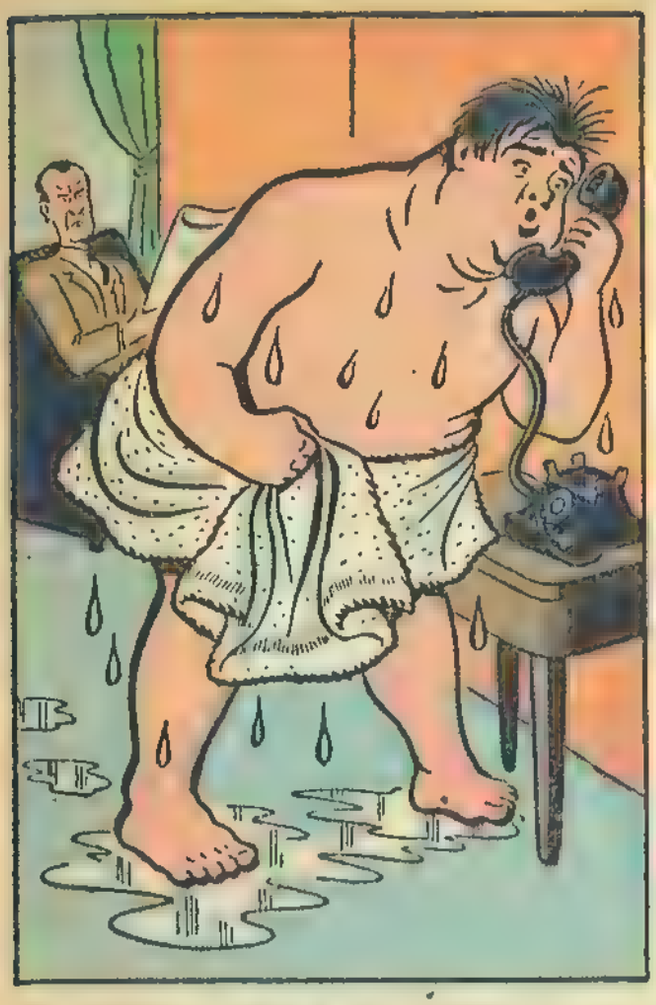
BUT THEY WILL SURELY OVERTAKE US, SINBAD...

BEND TO YOUR OARS, MEN! IF THESE WRETCHES ESCAPE WITH ME, THE SULTAN'S ARMADA WILL HOUND YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH AND SEA!

I WOULD GIVE MY RIGHT EYE FOR A STRONG GUST OF WIND!

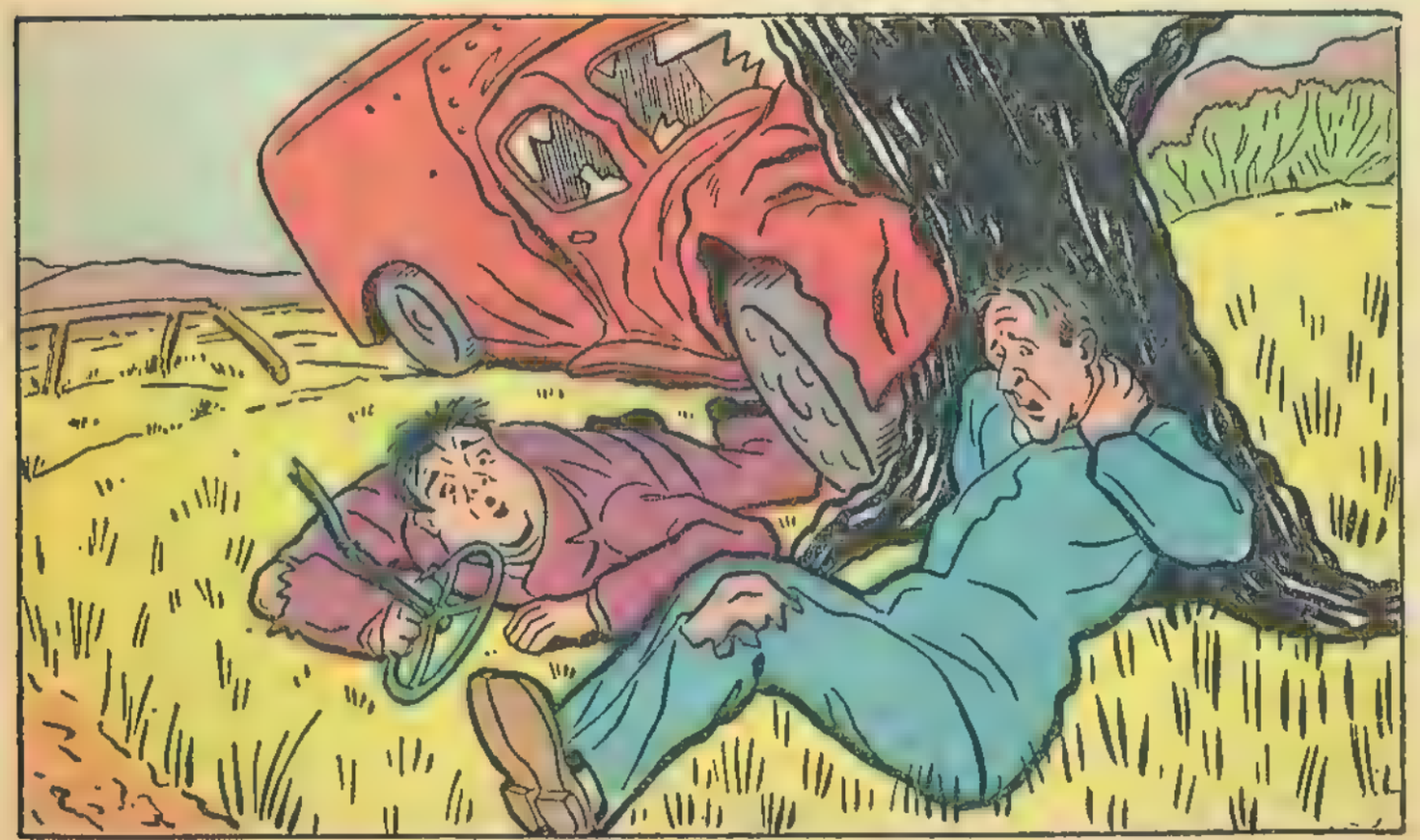
ALLMIGHTY ALLAH SAVE US! THE PIRATES DRAW NEARER AND NEARER IN OUR WAKE!

I AM CURSED BY THE FATES! THE BOATS ARE SINKING IN THE SEA! WHAT EVIL SORCERY HAS BEFALLEN US?
I OPENED THEIR BOATS' SEAMS AND FILLED THEM WITH WET CLAY WHICH WAS DISSOLVED BY THE WATER-
AS THOUGH TO HERALD SINBAD'S ESCAPE, A STIFF BREEZE DISPELLS THE CLOUDS AND REVEALS A BRIGHT MOON...
LUCKILY FOR US IT IS NOT THE SEASON OF THE MONSOON - WE SHALL REACH THE GREAT SEAPORT WITHIN TWO DAYS...
GREAT IS OUR FORTUNE, BRAVE PRINCESS! WHEN I HAVE DELIVERED OUR PRIZE PRISONER TO THE SULTAN, I SHALL BE GIVEN COMMAND OF A GREAT ARMADA...
YOU ARE WONDERFUL, SINBAD!
MY TASK WILL NOT BE DONE UNTIL I HAVE RETURNED TO DESTROY LAHRU'S BAND, GIVEN THE SAVAGE MAIDENS FREEDOM TO RESTORE THEIR SANITY - AND RECOVERED THE TREASURE FROM THE CAVE!...
BUT I FEAR HER CREW WILL DESERT THE ISLE BEFORE YOUR RETURN, SINBAD...
THERE IS NO CHANCE OF THAT, XENIA... EVEN IF THEY ARE ABLE TO SALVAGE THEIR BOATS, THEY CANNOT GO FAR BY OARS ON THE OPEN SEA BEFORE THE ARMADA OVERTAKES THEM - THEIR DOOM IS SEALED!
AND THE GATES OF MY HEART ARE OPEN WIDE FOR YOU, SON OF SINBAD!



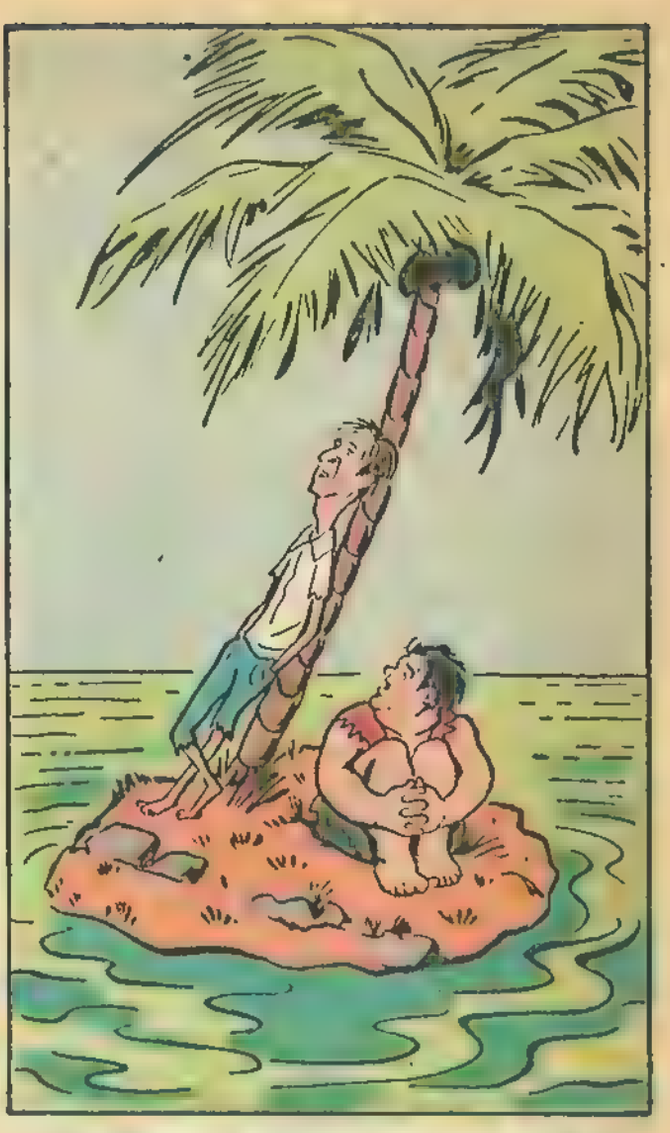
"AS A MATTER OF FACT I WASN'T LISTENING TO ANY RADIO PROGRAM!"

"BUT THE COSTUMER TOLD ME IT WAS THE NEW LOOK!"

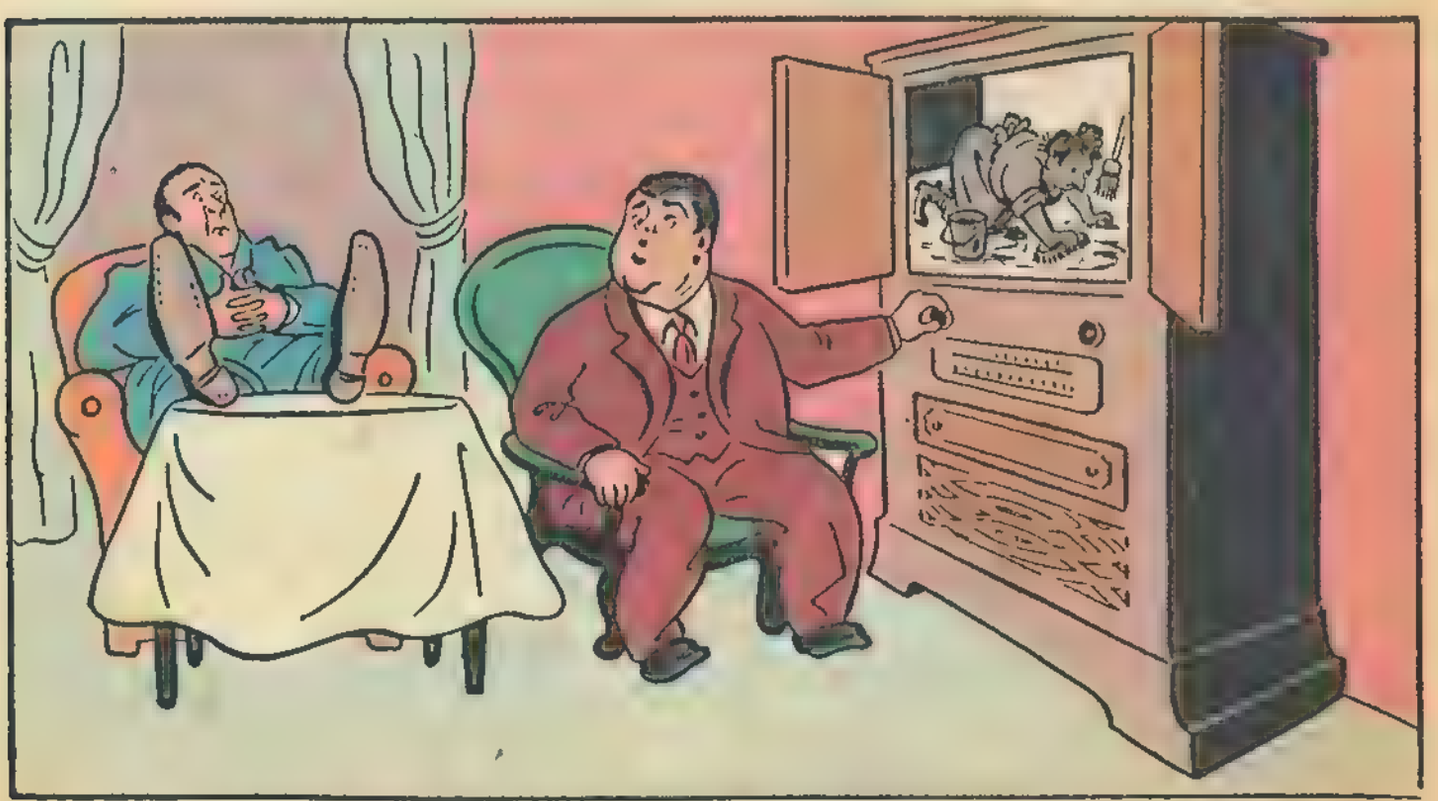


"I SUGGESTED YOU BEGIN YOUR DRIVING LESSONS ON THE FORD!"

"HELLO, MARTHA? JUST WANTED TO SAY I'D BE LATE FOR SUPPER!"



"ANYTHING SPECIAL YOU'D LIKE TO DO TODAY?"



"I GUESS THEY'VE SIGNED OFF FOR THE NIGHT!"

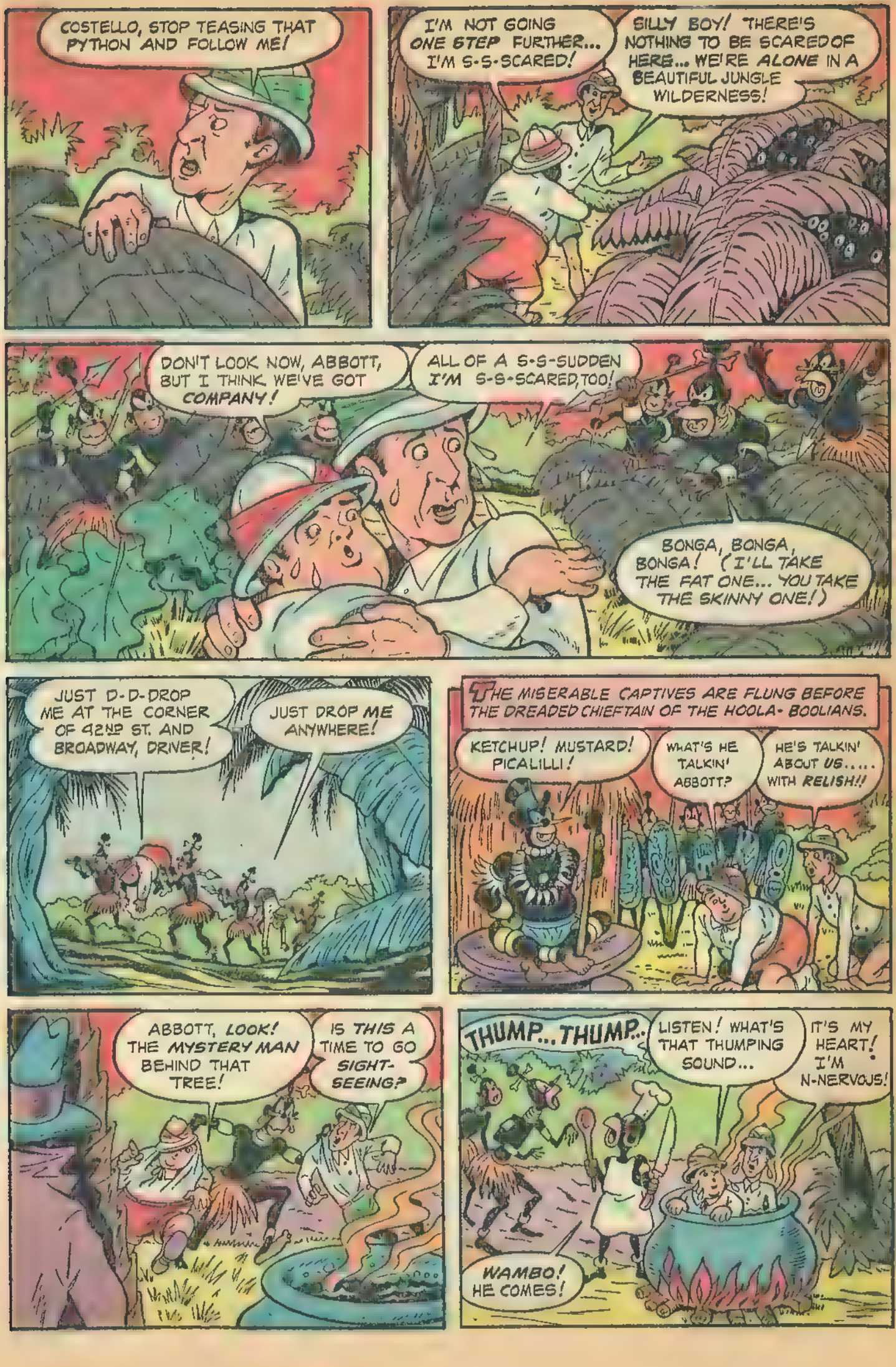
ABBOTT and COSTELLO
in
THE INHERITANCE
LOU COSTELLO! LOU COSTELLO! WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE?
?!?
L.E. PETERS
HEY, THAT'S YOU! WHAT A BREAK!
IT IS FOR ME! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, ABBOTT?
HERE, LOOK AT THIS PAPER... READ WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT YOU!
ABOUT ME?
ALL RIGHT, FLAT-TOP, I'LL READ IT TO YOU!
LISTEN! LOU COSTELLO INHERITS IMMENSE FORTUNE!
LOU COSTELLO! THAT'S ME! WHERE IS IT?

NOT SO FAST! IT JUST SO HAPPENS THERE'S A CODICIL!
I'LL TAKE THAT, TOO!
I MEAN THERE'S A CATCH TO THE WILL! IT SAYS HERE THAT THE DECEASED MILLIONAIRE LEFT HIS DOUGH TO HIS ONLY REMAINING RELATIVE ON ONE CONDITION!
YOU MUST BECOME A MEMBER OF THE TRIBE OF HOOLA-BOOLA!
WHERE DO I REGISTER? HOW MUCH ARE THE DUES?
WILL YOU SIT DOWN AND LISTEN TO ME, COSTELLO?
OKAY.
THE HOOLA-BOOLIANS ARE A TRIBE OF FEROCIOUS SAVAGES! THE OLD GUY WAS A MEMBER, SO ANYBODY WHO GETS HIS DOUGH HAS TO BE A MEMBER, TOO! GET IT?
F-FEROCIOUS? S-SAVAGE? I JUST... HEH... REMEMBERED A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT!
SAVE YOUR BREATH, COSTELLO! WE'RE GOING TO HOOLA-BOOLA!
AND... ALTHOUGH COSTELLO DECLINES, RESIGNS, DESISTS, AND RESISTS...
MY PAL AND I WANT A COUPLE OF OUTFITS TO WEAR IN HOOLA-BOOLA!
WILLS? ABBOTT, I DON'T LIKE THIS!
SPORTING GOODS
HOOLA-BOOLA, SIR? YOU'LL WANT KNIVES, GUNS, STEEL HELMETS, BULLET-PROOF VESTS... AND TELL ME... HAVE YOU WRITTEN YOUR WILLS?

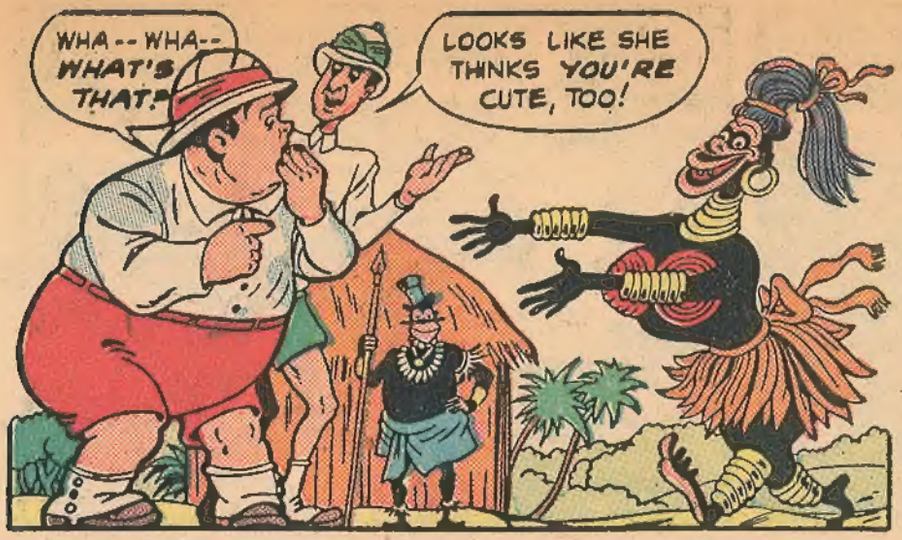
THE FIRST LEG OF THE FATEFUL JOURNEY!
ABBOTT! I DON'T LIKE PLANES, I DON'T LIKE YOU, AND MOST OF ALL, I DON'T LIKE--
HIM!
COME, COME, COSTELLO-- YOU'RE JUST HIGH-STRUNG! YOU'LL STRAIGHTEN YOURSELF OUT AS SOON AS WE GET TO HOOLA-BOOLA!
DID... DID SOMEONE SAY... HOOLA-BOOLA?
I'M NOT TAKING THIS CRATE NEAR THAT PLACE! EVERYBODY OUT!
BOUNCE!
AW, WHAT'RE YOU WORRYING ABOUT? IT'S ONLY ONE MAN'S OPINION! BESIDES, THAT PILOT'S A SISSY!
I GOT NEWS FOR YOU-- I'M A SISSY, TOO!
CRAWL UP THIS GANGPLANK AND GET ABOARD! REMEMBER... YOU'VE AN IMMENSE FORTUNE AT STAKE!

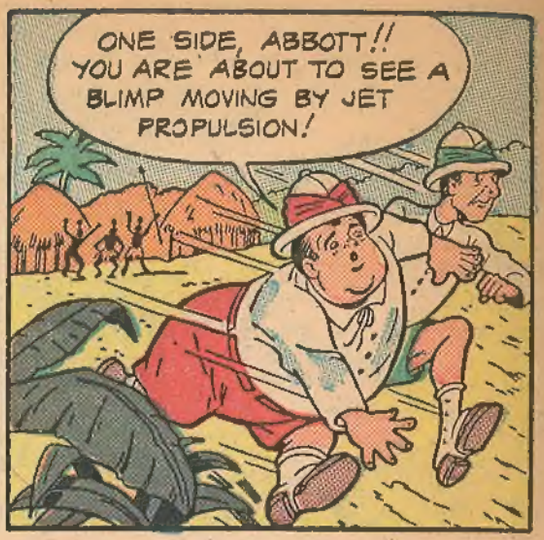
THE SECOND LEG OF THE FATEFUL JOURNEY...
♫ A SAILOR'S LIFE IS BOLD AND FREE... DEE-DUM-DEE-DUM-DEE-DUM-DEE... ♫
ABBOTT, WE GOTTA GO HOME! I FORGOT MY TOOTHBRUSH!
RELAX! WHY DO YOU IMAGINE THINGS!
WELL, MAYBE I'M IMAGININ'...
...HIM AGAIN!
IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE! COME ON... LET'S GO VISIT THE CAPTAIN!
YEAH, LET'S ASK HIM TO TURN AROUND AND HEAD IN ANOTHER DIRECTION!
TELL ME, CAPTAIN, HOW SOON DO WE LAND IN HOOLA-BOOLA?
HOOLA-BOOLA! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, MAN?
I WOULDN'T GO NEAR THAT PLACE! IF I HAD KNOWN YOU TWO WERE HEADING THERE...
THROW THOSE TWO MEN OFF! THEY'RE A JINX!
Y'KNOW SOMETHING, ABBOTT... THAT MAN DOESN'T LIKE US!

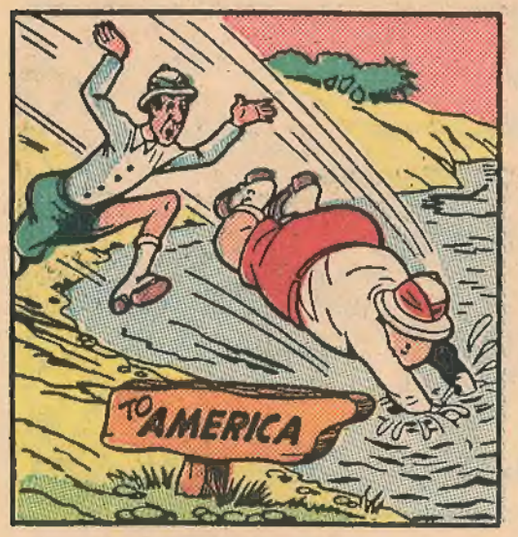
THE THIRD LEG OF THE FATEFUL JOURNEY...
TELL ME, GUIDE, ARE WE GETTING CLOSE TO HOOLA-BOOLA?
HOOLA-BOOLA!
ME NO GO TO HOOLA-BOOLA!
HOOLA-BOOLA!
THUD!
COWARDS! VERY WELL, WE'LL FINISH THE JOURNEY OURSELVES! COSTELLO, HAND ME THAT ROPE!
YOU MEAN THIS?
DROP IT, COSTELLO... DROP IT!
ABBOTT, I WISH YOU'D MAKE UP YOUR MIND! I...
AWK! IT'S ALIVE!
HEEEEY! ABBOTT... WAIT FOR ME!


COSTELLO, STOP TEASING THAT PYTHON AND FOLLOW ME!
I'M NOT GOING ONE STEP FURTHER... I'M S-S-SCARED!
SILLY BOY! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF HERE... WE'RE ALONE IN A BEAUTIFUL JUNGLE WILDERNESS!
DON'T LOOK NOW, ABBOTT, BUT I THINK WE'VE GOT COMPANY!
ALL OF A S-S-SUDDEN I'M S-S-SCARED, TOO!
BONGA, BONGA, BONGA! (I'LL TAKE THE FAT ONE... YOU TAKE THE SKINNY ONE!)
JUST D-D-DROP ME AT THE CORNER OF 42ND ST. AND BROADWAY, DRIVER!
JUST DROP ME ANYWHERE!
THE MISERABLE CAPTIVES ARE FLUNG BEFORE THE DREADED CHIEFTAIN OF THE HOOLA-BOOLIANS.
KETCHUP! MUSTARD! PICALILLI!
WHAT'S HE TALKIN' ABBOTT?
HE'S TALKIN' ABOUT US..... WITH RELISH!!
ABBOTT, LOOK! THE MYSTERY MAN BEHIND THAT TREE!
IS THIS A TIME TO GO SIGHT-SEEING?
THUMP...THUMP...
LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT THUMPING SOUND...
IT'S MY HEART! I'M N-NERVOUS!
WAMBO! HE COMES!

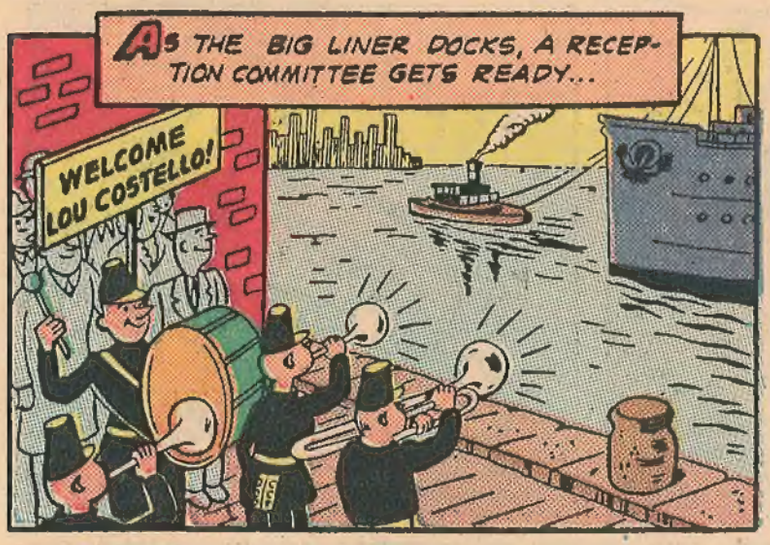
OUT OF THE JUNGLE, WAMBO, THE GIANT APE, APPROACHES THE FLEEING SAVAGES...
LET'S GET OUT OF HIS WAY, ABBOTT... HE MIGHT HAVE FLEAS!
HMMM... IN A WAY, HE REMINDS ME OF YOU, ABBOTT!
WONDER WHAT HIS NAME IS... FIDO?... ROVER?... SPOTTY... REX?...
UAAHHRRR!!
STOP BOUNCING, COSTELLO, YOU'LL...
HEY, HE'S GOT THE CHIEF! I THINK HE WANTS TO COOK HIM! GOODY! I-- OHHH!
AWK!
POW!
OH, NOBLE PLUMP ONE! YOU FLATTENED APE WITH ONE BLOW!
HEH-HEH... IT WAS MORE OF A REAR ATTACK, CHIEFIE.
ZAZENDU MOLIP! FAT STRANGER IS LIVE-SAVER! THANKFUL TO HIM AND OTHER! MAKE HIM MEMBER OF BROTHERS OF HOOLA-BOOLA!
ISN'T HE NICE? NOW WE GOT WHAT WE WANTED!
I THINK YOU GET A DOOR-PRIZE, AS WELL! LOOK!

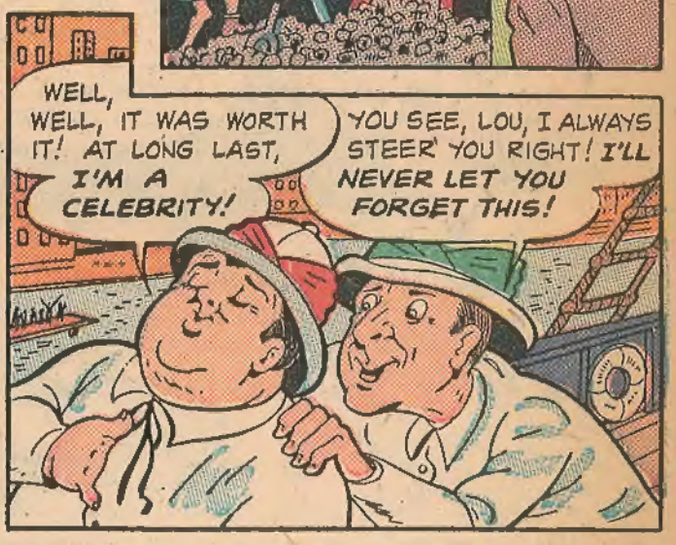

WHA--WHA--
WHAT'S THAT?
LOOKS LIKE SHE THINKS YOU'RE CUTE, TOO!

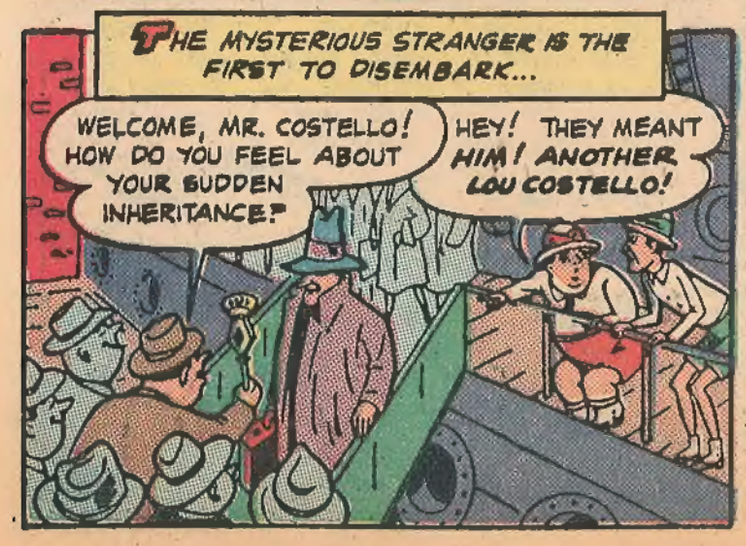

ONE SIDE, ABBOTT!! YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE A BLIMP MOVING BY JET PROPULSION!

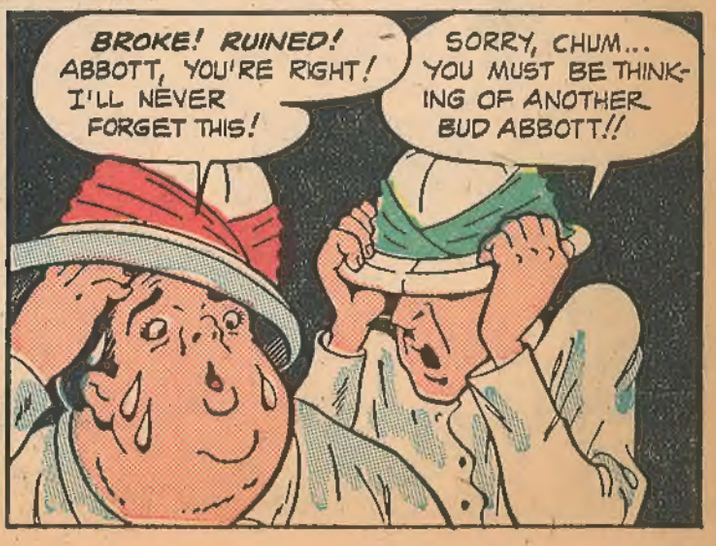

TO AMERICA

AND SO, OUR FRIENDS ARE FINALLY HOME-BOUND, AND BUSILY PAYING FOR THEIR FARE DEEP DOWN IN THE SHIP'S COAL-ROOM.
DON'T CRY, LOU! SOON WE'LL BE SHOVELING MONEY!
ABBOTT! LOOK! THAT MAN AGAIN!


AS THE BIG LINER DOCKS, A RECEPTION COMMITTEE GETS READY...
WELCOME LOU COSTELLO!


WELL, WELL, IT WAS WORTH IT! AT LONG LAST, I'M A CELEBRITY!
YOU SEE, LOU, I ALWAYS STEER YOU RIGHT! I'LL NEVER LET YOU FORGET THIS!


THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER IS THE FIRST TO DISEMBARK...
WELCOME, MR. COSTELLO! HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR SUDDEN INHERITANCE?
HEY! THEY MEANT HIM! ANOTHER LOU COSTELLO!


BROKE! RUINED! ABBOTT, YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS!
SORRY, CHUM... YOU MUST BE THINKING OF ANOTHER BUD ABBOTT!!

When Tim was out of hearing distance, Willie caught Spike's eye, and Spike asked him what was on his mind. "What did he mean by saying the Jenkins - Kane scrap won't be at the Sports Arena? The papers say that's where it will be held."

Spike scratched his head. "You got me, Willie. I can't figure Tim out no more."

But true to his word, Tim Mulvany went shopping. Late Friday afternoon he rounded up the boys and told them to come up to his flat by quarter of ten.

Ozzie Parks looked at the disappointed faces of his pals, then turned on Tim and said: "How we going to get to the arena by ten if we're not supposed to meet you until quarter of?"

Tim frowned at Ozzie. "You just do as I say, see? Don't you tell me how to run a fight party, young man!"

So by twos and threes and fours the boys turned up on the sidewalk outside Tim's flat around nine-thirty. When Tim saw from the window that everyone had arrived, he called out for them to come in.

Tim and his sister had five rooms on the second floor of the walk-up apartment building. When Tim heard the gang trooping up the stairs, he flung back the door in the darkened parlor and waited nervously to see what the kids' reaction would be to his scheme for letting them see the middleweight bout.

Dick and Willie were the first two to pass through the door. Willie took one startled look at the darkened parlor, choked from wall to wall with folding chairs, and let out a yell. "Tim bought a television set!"

"Yipee! Hooray! Swell!" yelled the voices from the hall and stairs.

The slow procession turned into a stampede. The kids almost knocked Tim down as they rushed past him into the darkened room. Tim sighed heavily when the last kid was inside. It took him several moments before he could adjust the set to get a clear, unwavering picture of the fight announcer who was giving the results of the preliminary bouts. As soon as the warning bell sounded for the main event, Tim slipped to the back of the room and stepped into the kitchen where his sister was listening to one of her favorite comedy programs coming from a little radio on a shelf.

"Land sakes, Tim!" his sister groaned. "It would have been cheaper to have taken the whole gang of 'em to the fight than to have bought that expensive television set!"

Tim snorted. "You don't know those kids, Agnes. If I took 'em once, they'd pester me to take 'em to every match, and I'd be running into debt inside of a year."

His sister eyed him narrowly. "You mean to stand there and tell me, Tim Mulvany, that those kids will be trooping up to our parlor almost every Friday night to watch the fights on television?"

Tim squared his shoulders, thrust out his jaw belligerently. "And why not?" he snapped. "If they can see the fights, I figure that they'll be doing a lot less fighting among themselves. At least, they will learn something about the rules of boxing and lay off the rough stuff from now on."

"That remains to be seen!" his sister called after him as Tim wheeled about impatiently to go back to the parlor.

Jenkins and Kane were evenly matched, but Kane, the challenger, began to get wobbly in the eighth round and from then on it was the champion's fight. He had Kane on the ropes in the ninth, and no one had any doubt who would be the victor in the last round.

Kane went down under a stinging right to the jaw in the first of the tenth, staggered to his feet at the count of six. The referee saw that it would be plain murder for the fight to continue. Kane's eyes were closed, and he didn't have an ounce of fight left in him. So the referee called the fight, and the judges came through with a unanimous decision that Jenkins had won by a technical knockout.

"Boo! Boo!" Tim's young guests greeted the decision, for Mugger Kane had been their favorite. Muttering, they started to leave.

Spike Smith was the last kid to shake hands with Tim and say good-night. "How did you like it?" Tim asked.

"Okay, okay," Spike nodded. "Maybe us kids will learn to fight by the rules after we've seen a few more like that. But there's one thing we'll never allow, Tim."

"And what is that?" Tim snapped back.

"A technical kayo," Spike sneered. "Kane was our man, but a kayo is a kayo no matter how you look at it. That technical business is strictly out!"

THE END

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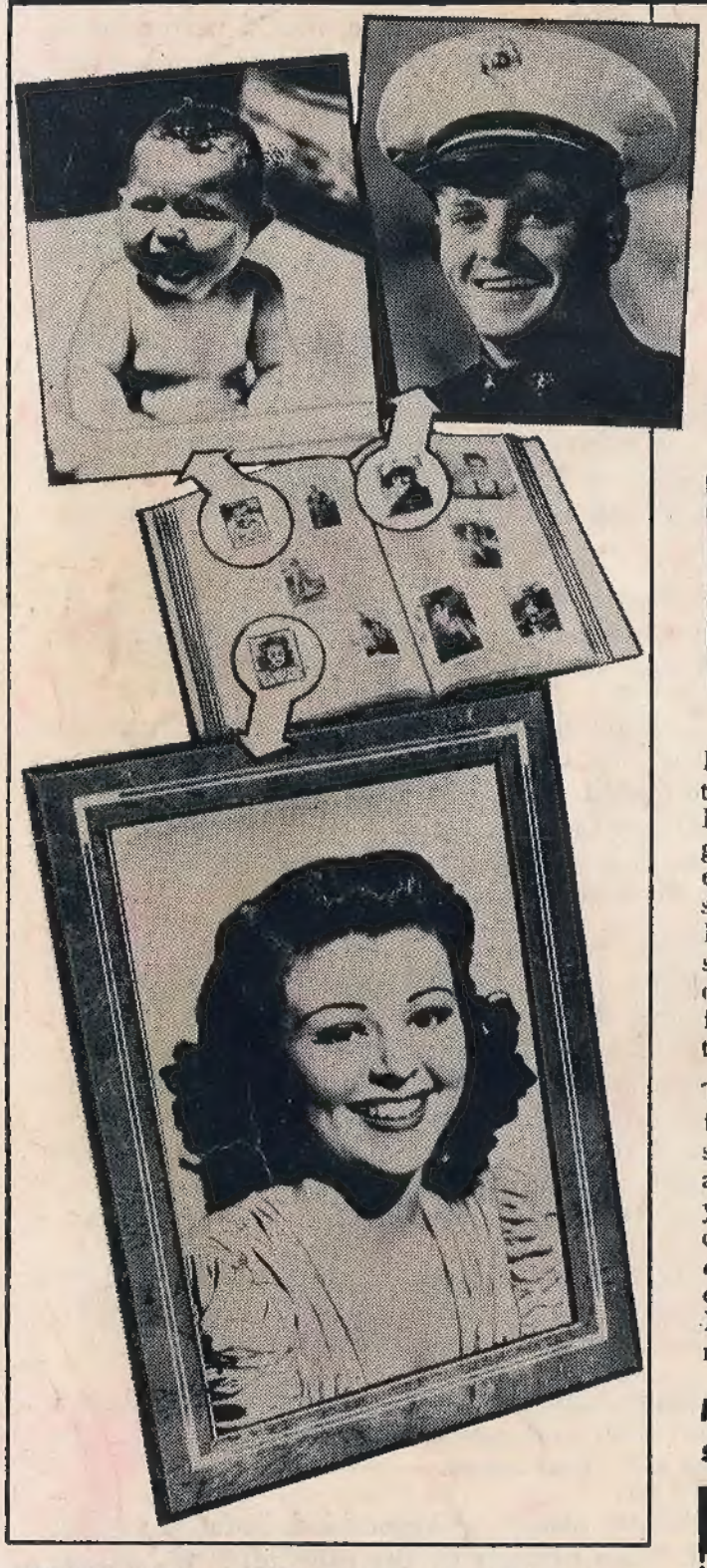

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